

— The Comical Lovers, a Comedy, acted at the Queen's Theatre in the Hay-Market. 12mo, 82 pp., (1) bl. l., good copy, paper wrappers, 8s

For Henry Lintot, London, 1754
Nor in Lowndes or Watt. Baker, II, 61, speaking of the first ed. published without date in 1707, says: "This piece is composed of the comic Episodes of Dryden's *Maiden Queen* and *Marriage à la Mode* joined together: the alteration cost the author, as he says himself [Preface to *Double Gallant*] six days trouble, and met with a very favourable reception. A tag to the fourth act seems pointed at the parting of Moneses and Arpasia in Tamerlane, and is a humorous picture of many such parting scenes in some of our lovesick tragedies." No copy of this ed. in the B.M. (only *Dublin* [1720 ?]). (H. 106.)

1344.d39

— The Comical Lovers, a Comedy, acted at the Queen's Theatre in the Hay-Market. 12mo, 82 pp., (1) bl. l., good copy, paper wrappers, 8s

For Henry Lintot, London, 1754
Nor in Lowndes or Watt. Baker, II, 61, speaking of the first ed. published without date in 1707, says: "This piece is composed of the comic Episodes of Dryden's *Maiden Queen* and *Marriage à la Mode* joined together: the alteration cost the author, as he says himself [Preface to *Double Gallant*] six days trouble, and met with a very favourable reception. . . . A tag to the fourth act seems pointed at the parting of Moneses and Arpasia in Tamerlane, and is a humorous picture of many such parting scenes in some of our lovesick tragedies." No copy of this ed. in the B.M. (only *Dublin* [1720 ?]). (H. 106.)

1344.d39

H106
[33358]
THE

COMICAL LOVERS,

A

COMEDY,

ACTED at the

QUEEN'S THEATRE

IN THE

HAY-MARKET.

Written by COLLEY CIBBER, Esq;

LONDON:

Printed for HENRY LINTOT.
MDCCLIV.





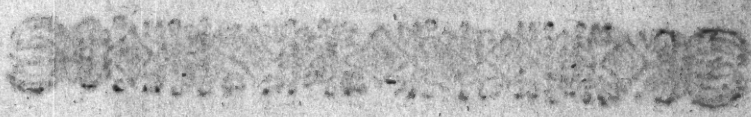
Diagnosis Personae.

MEN

Mr. W. H. L.	Mr. W. H. L.
Mr. W. H. L.	Mr. W. H. L.
Mr. W. H. L.	Mr. W. H. L.
Mr. W. H. L.	Mr. W. H. L.

WOMEN

Miss M. L. L.	Miss M. L. L.
Miss M. L. L.	Miss M. L. L.
Miss M. L. L.	Miss M. L. L.
Miss M. L. L.	Miss M. L. L.





Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Palamede.
Rhodophil.
Celadon.

Mr. Wilks.
Mr. Booth.
Mr. Cibber.

W O M E N.

Melantha.
Doralice.
Florimel.

Mrs. Bracegirdle.
Mrs. Porter.
Mrs. Oldfield.





THE COMICAL LOVERS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The SCENE is Walks near the Court.

Enter Celadon, Doralice, meeting each other: He in a Riding Habit. They embrace.

Cel. **D**EAR Doralice!

Dor. My dear Brother! welcome! a thousand Welcomes. Methinks this Year you have been absent, has been so tedious! I hope as you have made a pleasant Voyage, so you have brought your Good Humour back again to Court.

Cel. I never yet knew any Company I could not be merry in, except it were an old Woman's.

Dor. Or at a Funeral.

Cel. Nay, for that you shall excuse me; for I was never merrier than I was at a Creditor's of mine, whose Book perish'd with him. But what new Beauties have you at Court? How do *Melissa's* two fair Daughters?

Dor. When you tell me which of them you are in love with, I'll answer you.

Cel. Which of them, naughty Sister! What a Question's there? with both of 'em, with each and singular of 'em.

Dor. Bless me! you are not serious!

Cel. You look as if it were a Wonder, to see a Man in love: Are they not handsome?

Dor. Ay, but both together——

Cel. Ay, and both asunder too: Why, I hope, there are but Two of 'em; the tall Singing and Dancing one, and the little Innocent one?

Dor. But you can't marry both?

Cel. No, nor either of 'em, I trust in my Constitution: But I can keep them Company, I can sing and dance with 'em, and treat 'em; and that, I take it, is somewhat better than musty marrying them: Marriage is poor Folks Pleasure, that cannot go to the Cost of Variety: But I am out of danger of that with these two, for I love 'em so equally, I can never make Choice between 'em: Had I but one Mistress, I might go to her to be merry, and she perhaps be out of Humour, there were a Visit lost: But here, if one of 'em frowns upon me, the other will be the more obliging, on purpose to recommend her own Gaiety; besides a thousand Things I cou'd name.

Dor. And none of 'em to any purpose.

Cel. Well, if you will not be cruel to a poor Lover, you might oblige me, by carrying me to their Lodgings.

Dor. You know I am always busy about the Queen.

Cel. But once or twice only, till I am a little flush'd in my Acquaintance with other Ladies, and have learn'd to prey for myself. I promise you I'll make all the haste I can to end your Trouble, by being in love somewhere else.

Dor. You would think it hard to be deny'd now.

Cel. And Reason good. Many a Man hangs himself for the loss of one Mistress; how do you think then I should bear the loss of two, especially in a Court where I think Beauty is but thin sown?

Dor. There's one *Florimel*, the Queen's Ward, a new Beauty, as wild as you, and a vast Fortune.

Cel. I am for her before the World; bring me to her, and I'll release you of your Promise for the other two.

Dor. Well, if I do promise, will you swear not to attempt any other Woman in the mean time?

Cel. Swear! by all the——

Dor.

Dor. Hold! before you swear—What do you think of those two mask'd Ladies, that are coming yonder?

Cel. Why, I say, that a rash Oath is better let alone than repented—Dear Sister, don't disturb my Contemplations. [Putting her by.]

Dor. Oh! your Servant, Sir. [Exit Doralice.]

Enter Phormio, walking over the Stage hastily: After him, Florimel and Flavia, masked.

Fla. Phormio, Phormio, you will not leave us—

Phor. In Faith, I have a little Business— [Exit Phor.]

Cel. Cannot I serve you in the Gentleman's room, Ladies?

Fla. Which of us wou'd you serve?

Cel. Either of you, or both of you.

Fla. Why cou'd you not be constant to one?

Cel. Constant to one! I have been a Courtier, a Soldier, and a Traveller to good purpose, if I must be constant to one. Give me some twenty, some forty, some a hundred Mistresses: I have more Love than any one Woman can turn her to.

Flor. Bless us! let us be gone, Cousin; we two are nothing in his hands.

Cel. Yet, for my part, I can live with as few Mistresses as any Man: I desire no Superfluities, only for necessary Change, or so, as I shift my Linnen.

Flor. A pretty odd kind of a Fellow this; he fits my Humour rarely— [Aside,

Fla. You are as unconstant as the Moon.

Flor. You wrong him, he's as constant as the Sun, he would see all the World round in twenty four Hours.

Cel. 'Tis very true, Madam; but, like him, I would visit and away.

Flor. For what an unreasonable thing it were to stay long, be troublesome, and hinder a Lady of a fresh Lover?

Cel. A rare Creature this!—Besides, Madam, how like a Fool a Man looks when after all his Eagerness of two Minutes before, he shrinks into a faint Fit, and a cold Compliment. — Ladies both, into your Hands I commit my self; share me betwixt you.

Fla. I'll have nothing to do with you, since you cannot be constant to one.

Cel. Nay, rather than lose any of you, I'll do more; I'll be constant to a hundred of you: Or (if you will needs fetter me to one) agree the matter between yourselves, and the most handsome take me.

Flor. Tho' I am not she, yet since my Mask's on, and you cannot convince me, have a good Faith of my Beauty, and for once I take you for my Servant.

Cel. And for once I'll make a blind Bargain with you: strike Hands; it's a Match, Mistress.

Flor. Done, Servant.

Cel. Now I'm sure I have the worst on't; for you see the worst of me, and that I don't of you, 'till you shew your Face——Yet now I think on't, you must be handsome.——

Flor. What kind of Beauty do you like?

Cel. Just such a one as yours.

Flor. What's that.

Cel. Such an oval Face, clear Skin, hazle Eyes, thick Brow, Eye brows and Hair as you have for all the World.

Fla. But I can assure you, she has nothing of all this.

Cel. Hold thy peace, *Envy*——Nay, I can be constant an' I set on't.

Flor. 'Tis very well, *Celadon*, you can be constant to one you have never seen, and have forsaken all you have seen.

Cel. It seems you know me then: Well, if thou should'st prove one of my cast Mistresses, I would use thee most damnably, for offering to make me love thee twice.

Flor. You are i'th' right: An old Mistress, or Servant, is like an old Tune, the Pleasure on't is past, when we have once learn'd it.

Fla. But what Woman in the World would you wish her like?

Cel. I have heard of one *Florimel*, the Queen's Ward, would she were as like her for Beauty, as she is for Humour.

Fla.

The COMICAL LOVERS.

9

Fla. Do you hear that, Cousin?— [*To Flor. aside.*

Flor. *Florimel's* not handsome: Besides, she's unconstant, and only loves for some few Days.

Cel. If she loves for shorter time than I, she must love by Winter-Days and Summer-Nights, i'faith.

Flor. When you see us together you shall judge: In the mean time adieu, sweet Servant.

Cel. Why you won't be so inhuman, to carry away my Heart, and not so much as to tell me where I may hear News on't.

Flor. I mean to keep it safe for you; for if you had it, you would bestow it worse: Farewel, I must see a Lady.

Cel. So must I too, if I can pull off your Mask.

Flor. You will not be so rude, I hope?

Cel. By this Light I will.

Flor. By this Leg but you shan't.

[*Exeunt Flor. and Fla. running.*

Cel. Then by this Hand, next time I shall take better hold, Mrs. Nimblefoot. [*Exit.*

Enter Doralice and Beliza.

Dor. *Beliza*, bring the Lute into this Arbour; the Walks are empty: I would hear the Song the Princess *Almathea* bid me learn. [*They go in and sing.*

Enter Palamede, in a Riding-Habit, and bears the Song.
Re-enter Doralice and Beliza.

Bel. Madam, a Stranger.

Dor. I did not think to have had Witnesses of my bad singing.

Pal. If I have err'd, Madam, I hope you'll pardon the Curiosity of a Stranger; for I may well call my self so, after five Years absence from the Court. But you have freed me from one Error.

Dor. What's that, I beseech you?

Pal. I thought good Voices and ill Faces had been inseparable; and that to be fair, and to sing well, had been only the Privilege of Angels.

Dor. And how many more of these fine things can you say to me?

Pal. Very few, Madam; for if I should continue to see you some Hours longer, you look so killingly, that I should be mute with wonder.

Dor. This will not give you the Reputation of a Wit with me: You travelling *Monfieurs* live upon a Stock you have got abroad for the first Day or two: To repeat with a good Memory, and apply with a good Grace, is all your Wit: And commonly your Gullets are sow'd up like Cormorants; when you have regorg'd what you have taken in, you are the leanest Things in Nature.

Pal. Then, Madam, I think you had best make that use of me; let me wait on you for two or three Days together, and you shall hear all I have learnt of Extraordinary in other Countries; and one thing which I never saw till I came home, that is, a Lady of a better Voice, better Face, and better Wit than any I have seen abroad. And after this, if I should not declare my self most passionately in love with you, I should have less Wit than yet you think I have.

Dor. A very plain and pithy Declaration. I see, Sir, you have been travelling in *Spain* or *Italy*, or some of the Hot Countries, where Men come to the Point immediately. But are you sure these are not Words of course? for I would not give my poor Heart an occasion of complaint against me, that I engag'd it too rashly, and then could not bring it off.

Pal. Your Heart may trust itself with me safely: I shall use it very civilly while it stays, and never turn it away, without fair Warning to provide for it self.

Dor. First then, I do receive your Passion with as little Consideration on my part, as ever you gave it me on yours: And now see what a miserable wretch you have made yourself.

Pal. Who, I miserable? Thank you for that. Give me Love enough, and Life enough, and I defy Fortune.

Dor. Know then, thou Man of vain Imagination, know, to thy utter Confusion, that I am Virtuous.

Pal. Such another Word, and I give up the Ghost.

Dor. Then to strike you quite dead, know that I am marry'd too.

Pal.

The COMICAL LOVERS. II

Pal. Art thou marry'd? O thou horrible virtuous Woman!

Dor. Yes, marry'd to a Gentleman; young, handsome, rich, valiant, and with all the good Qualities that will make you despair and hang yourself.

Pal. Well, in spite of all that, I'll love you: Fortune has cut us out for one another; for I am to be marry'd within these three Days; marry'd past Redemption, to a young, fair, rich, and virtuous Lady; and it shall go hard but I will love my Wife as little as I perceive you do your Husband.

Dor. Remember I invade no Property: My Servant you are only till you are marry'd.

Pal. In the mean time, you are to forget you have a Husband.

Dor. And you, that you are to have a Wife.

Bel. [*Afide to her Lady.*] O Madam, My Lord's just at the end of the Walks, and if you make not haste, will discover you.

Dor. Some other time, new Servant, we'll talk farther of the Premises; in the mean while, break not my first Commandment, that is, not to follow me.

Pal. But where then shall I find you again?

Dor. At Court. Yours for two Days, Sir.

Pal. And Nights, I beseech you, Madam.

[*Exit Dor. and Bel.*]

Pal. Well, I'll say that for thee, thou art a very dextrous Executioner; thou hast done my business at one Stroke; yet I must marry another——And yet I must love this; and if it lead me into some little Inconveniences, as Jealousies, and Duels, and Death, and so forth; yet while sweet Love is in the Case, Fortune do thy worst, and avant Mortality.

Enter Rhodophil.

Rho. How, *Palemede*!

[*Sees Palemede.*]

Pal. *Rhodophil*!

Rho. Who thought to have seen you in *Sicily*? What brought you home from Travel?

Pal. The Commands of an old rich Father.

Rho. And the Hopes of burying him.

Pal.

Pal. Both together, as you see, have prevailed on my Good-nature. In few Words, my old Man has already married me, for he has agreed with another old Man, as rich and as covetous as himself; the Articles are drawn, and I have given my Consent, for fear of being disinherited; and yet know not what kind of Woman I am to marry.

Rbo. Sure your Father intends you some very ugly Wife, and has a mind to keep you in Ignorance, till you have shot the Gulf.

Pal. I know not that; but obey I will, and must.

Rbo. Then I cannot chuse but grieve for all the good Girls, and Courtézans of *France* and *Italy*; they have lost the most kind-hearted, doating, prodigal humble Servant in *Europe*.

Pal. All I could do in these three Years I staid behind you, was to comfort the poor Creatures for the Loss of you. But what's the reason that in all this time a Friend could never hear from you?

Rbo. Alas, Dear *Palamede*, I have had no Joy to write, nor indeed to do any thing in the World to please me: The greatest Misfortune imaginable is fallen upon me!

Pal. Prithee, what's the matter?

Rbo. In one Word, I am marry'd; wretchedly marry'd; and have been above these two Years. Yes, faith, the Devil has had power over me, in spite of my Vows and Resolutions to the contrary.

Pal. I find you have sold your self for filthy Lucre; she's Old, or Ill-condition'd.

Rbo. No, none of these: I am sure she's Young; and for her Humour, she laughs, sings and dances, eternally; and which is more, we never quarrel about it, for I do the same.

Pal. You're very Unfortunate indeed: Then the Case is plain, she's not handsome.

Rbo. A great Beauty too, as People say.

Pal. As People say! Why, you should know that best your self.

Rbo. Ask those that have smelt a strong Perfume two Years together what's the Scent.

Pal.

Pal. But here are good Qualities enough for one Woman.

Rbo. Ay, too many; *Palamede*: If I could put 'em into three or four Women, I should be content.

Pal. O, now I have found it; you dislike her for no other reason, but because she's your Wife.

Rbo. And is not that enough? All that I know of her Perfections now, is only by Memory: I remember indeed that about two Years ago, I lov'd her passionately; but those golden Days are gone, *Palamede*: yet I lov'd her a whole half Year, double the natural term of any Mistress, and I think in my Conscience I could have held out another Quarter; but then the World began to laugh at me, and a certain Shame of being out of Fashion seiz'd me: At last, we arriv'd at that Point, and there was nothing left in us to make us new to one another. Yet still I set a good Face upon the matter, and am infinite fond of her before Company; but when we are alone, we walk like two Lions in a Room, she one way and I another: and we lie with our Backs to each other, so far distant, as if the Fashion of great Beds was only invented to keep Husband and Wife sufficiently asunder.

Pal. The truth is, your Disease is very desperate; but though you cannot be cur'd, you may be patch'd up a little; you must get you a Mistress, *Rhodophil*: That indeed is living upon Cordials; but, as fast as one fails, you must supply it with another.

Rbo. Truth is, I have been thinking on't, and have just resolv'd to take your Counsel; and, faith, considering the Disadvantages of a marry'd Man, I have provided well enough for an humble Sinner, that is not ambitious of great Matters.

Pal. What is she for a Woman?

Rbo. One of the Stars of *Syracuse*, I assure you: young enough, fair enough, and, but for one Quality, just such a Woman as I could wish for; being a Town-Lady, without any Relation to the Court: yet she thinks herself undone, if she be not seen three or four times a day with the Princess: and for the King, she haunts and watches him so narrowly in a Morning, that she
pre-

prevents even the Chymists, who beset his Chamber, to turn their Mercury into his Gold.

Pal. Yet hitherto methinks, you are no very unhappy Man?

Rbo. With all this, she's the greatest Gossip in Nature; for, besides the Court, she's the most eternal Visitor of the Town; and yet manages her time so well, that she seems Ubiquitary. For my part, I can compare her to nothing but the Sun; for, like him, she takes no rest, nor ever sets in one place, but to rise in another.

Pal. I confess she had need be handsome with these Qualities.

Rbo. No Lady can be so curious of a new Fashion, as she is of a new *French* Word. She is the very Mint of the Nation; and as fast as any Bullion comes out of *France*, coins it immediately into our Language.

Pal. And her Name is ———

Rbo. No naming; that's not like a Cavalier: Find her if you can by my Description; and I am not so ill a Painter, that I need write the Name beneath the Picture.

Pal. Well then, how far have you proceeded in your Love?

Rbo. 'Tis yet in the Bud, and what Fruit it may bear, I cannot tell; for this insufferable Humour of haunting the Court is so predominant, that she has hitherto broken all her Assignations with me, for fear of missing her Visit there.

Pal. That's the hardest Part of your Adventure; but, for ought I see, Fortune has us'd us both alike; I have a strange kind of Mistress too at Court, besides her I am to marry.

Rbo. You have made haste to be in love then; for if I am not mistaken, you are but this Day arriv'd.

Pal. That's all one, I have seen the Lady already, who has charm'd me; seen her in these Walks, courted her, and received for the first time an Answer that does not put me into Despair.

Rbo. Have you seen your honourable Mistress yet?

Pal. No, but I was just going as I met you.

Rbo.

Rbo. Then don't let me hinder you: for to tell you the Truth, I have a small Affair upon my hands.

Pal. Why then dear *Rodophil*——

Rbo. No Ceremony: We shall meet, and compare Notes.

Pal. Positively.

Rbo. Adieu——

[*Exeunt severally.*]

Enter Melantha, looking in a Pocket-Glass, and Philotis.

Phil. Count *Rodophil's* a fine Gentleman indeed, Madam; and I think deserves your Affection.

Mel. Let me die but he is a fine Person; he sings and dances *en François*, and writes the *Billets Doux* to a Miracle.

Phil. And those are no small Talents to a Lady that understands, and values the *French Air*, as your Ladyship does.

Mel. How charming is the *French Air*! and what an *Etourdy Bête* is one of our untravell'd Islanders! When he would make his Court to me, let me die, but he is just *Æsop's* Ass, that would imitate the Courtly *French* in his Addresses; but instead of those, comes pawing upon me, and doing all things so *mal adroitly*.

Phil. 'Tis great pity *Rhodophil's* a marry'd Man, that you may not have an honourable Intrigue with him.

Mel. Intrigue, *Philotis*! that's an old Phrase; I have laid that Word by: Amour, Affair, sounds better. But thou art Heir to all my cast Words, as thou art to my old Ward-robe. Oh Count *Rhodophil*! *Ab mon cher*! I could live and die with him.

Enter Palamede, and a Servant.

Serv. Sir, This is my Lady.

Pal. Then this is she that is to be divine, and Nymph, and Goddess, and with whom I am to be desperately in love.

[*Bows to her, delivering her a Letter.*]

This Letter, Madam, which I present you from your Father, has given me both the happy Opportunity, and the Boldness to kiss the fairest Hands in *Sicily*.

Mel.

16 *The COMICAL LOVERS.*

Mel. Came you lately from *Palermo*, Sir?

Pal. But yesterday, Madam.

Mel. [Reading the Letter.] Daughter, receive the Bearer of this Letter, as a Gentleman whom I have chosen to make you happy; (O *Venus*, a new Servant sent me! and let me die, but he has the Air of a Gallant Homme.) His Father is the rich Lord *Cleodemus* our Neighbour. I suppose you will find nothing disagreeable in his Person, or his Converse; both which he has improved by Travel. The Treaty is already concluded, and I shall be in Town within these three Days; so that you have nothing to do, but to obey your careful Father.

[To *Pala.*] Sir, my Father, for whom I have a blind Obedience, has commanded me to receive your passionate Addresses; but you must also give me leave to avow, that I cannot merit 'em from so accomplish'd a Cavalier.

Pal. I want many things, Madam, to render me accomplish'd; and the first and greatest of them is your Favour.

Mel. Let me die, *Philotis*, but this is extremely French; but yet Count *Rhodophil*.——A Gentleman, Sir, that understands the *Grand Monde* so well, who has haunted the best Conversations, and who, in short, has voyag'd, may pretend to the good Graces of any Lady.

Pal. [Aside.] Hey-day! *Grande Monde*! Conversation! Voyag'd! and good Graces! I find my Mistress is one of those that run mad in new French Words.

Mel. I suppose, Sir, you have made the Tour of *France*, and, having seen all that's fine there, will make a considerable Reformation in the Rudeness of our Court: For let me die, but an unfashion'd, untravell'd, mere *Sicilian*, is a *Bête*; and has nothing in the World of an *bonête homme*.

Pal. I must confess, Madam, that——

Mel. And what new Minuets have you brought over with you? Their Minuets are to a Miracle! and our *Sicilian* Jigs are so dull and sad to 'em.

Pal. For Minuets, Madam——

Mel. And what new Plays are there in vogue? And who danc'd best in the *Grand Ballet*? Come, sweet Servant, you shall tell me all.

Pal.

Pal. [*Afide.*] Tell her all? Why she asks all, and will hear nothing——To answer in Order, Madam, to your Demands——

Mel. I am thinking what a happy Couple we shall be! for you shall keep up your Correspondence abroad, and every thing that's new writ in *France*, and fine, I mean, all that's delicate, and *bien Tourné*, we will have first.

Pal. But, Madam, our Fortune——

Mel. I understand you, Sir; you'll leave that to me: For the Manage of a Family, I know it better than any Lady in *Sicily*.

Pal. Alas, Madam, we——

Mel. Then we will never make Visits together, nor see a Play, but always apart; you shall be every Day at the King's *Levee*, and I at the Queen's; and we will never meet, but in the Drawing-Room.

Phil. Madam, the new Prince is just pass'd the end of the Walk.

Mel. The new Prince, say'st thou? Adieu, dear Servant, I have not made my Court to him these two long Hours. Oh, 'tis the sweetest Prince! So *obligeant*, *charmant*, *ravissant*, that——Well, I'll make haste to kiss his Hands; and then make half a score Visits more, and be with you again in a Twinkling.

[*Exit, running with Phil.*]

Pal. [*Solus.*] Now Love of thy Mercy bless me from this Tongue; it may keep the Field against a whole Army of Lawyers, and that in their own Language, *French* Gibberish. 'Tis true, in the Day-time, 'tis tolerable, when a Man has Field-room to run from it; but to be shut up in a Bed with her, like two Cocks in a Pit; Humanity cannot support it. I must kiss all Night in my own Defence, and hold her down like a Boy at Cuffs; nay, and give her the rising Blow every time she begins to speak. [Exit.]

The End of the First Act.

A C T



ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Celadon meeting Doralice.

Dor. **B** Rother ! what makes you here, about the Queen's Apartments ? which of the Ladies are you watching for ?

Cel. Any of 'em that will do me the good Turn, to make me soundly in love.

Dor. Then I'll bespeak you one ; you will be desperately in love with *Florimel*. So soon as the Queen heard you were return'd, she gave you her for a Mistress.

Cel. Thank her Majesty : but to confess the Truth, my Fancy lies partly another way.

Dor. That's strange : *Florimel* vows you are in love with her already——

Cel. She wrongs me horribly : If ever I saw or spoke with this *Florimel* !

Dor. Well, take your Fortune, I must leave you.
[*Exit Doralice.*]

Enter Florimel, sees him, and is running back.

Cel. Nay Faith, I am got betwixt you and Home, you are my Pris'ner, Lady Bright, till you resolve me one Question, [*She signs.*] is she dumb ? I-gad, I think, she is. What, a Vengeance, dost thou at Court with such a rare Face, without a Tongue to answer to a kind Question ? Art thou dumb indeed ? then thou can'st tell no Tales——

[*Goes to kiss her.*]

Flor. Hold, hold, you are not mad !

Cel. Oh, my Miss in a Masque ! have you found your Tongue ?

Flor. 'Twas time, I think ; what had become of me, if I had not ?

Cel.

Cel. Methinks your Lips had done as well.

Flor. Yes, if my Masque had been over 'em, as it was when you met me in the Walks.

Cel. Well, will you believe me another time? Did I not say you were intolerably handsome. They may talk of *Florimel* if they will, but i'faith she must come short of you.

Flor. Have you seen her then?

Cel. I look'd a little that way, but I had soon enough of her; she is not to be seen twice without a Surfeit.

Flor. However, you are beholden to her, they say she loves you.

Cel. By Fate she shall not love me; I have told her a piece of my Mind already: Pox o' these coming Women, they set a Man to Dinner, before he has an Appetite.

[*Flavia at the Door.*

Fla. *Florimel*, you are call'd within——

Cel. I hope in the Lord you are not *Florimel*?

Flor. Ev'n she at your Service; the same kind and coming *Florimel*, you have described.

Cel. Why then we are agreed already; I am as kind and coming as you for the Heart of you: I knew at first we two were good for nothing but one another.

Flor. But, without Raillery, are you in love?

Cel. So horribly much, that contrary to my own Maxims, I think in my Conscience I cou'd marry you.

Flor. No, no, 'tis not come to that yet: But if you are really in love, you have done me the greatest Pleasure in the World.

Cel. That Pleasure, and a better too I have in store for you.

Flor. This Animal called a Lover, I have long'd to see these two Years.

Cel. Sure you walk'd with your Masque on all the while; for if you had been seen, you could not have been without your Wish.

Flor. I warrant you mean an ordinary whining Lover: but I must have other Proofs of Love e'er I believe it.

Cel. You shall have the best that I can give you.

Flor.

Flor. I would have a Lover, that if need be, should hang himself, drown himself, break his Neck, and poison himself, for very Despair. He that will scruple this, is an impudent Fellow, if he says he's in love.

Cel. Pray, Madam, which of these four would you have your Lover do? for a Man's but a Man, he cannot hang, and drown, and break his Neck, and poison himself, all together.

Flor. Well then, because you are but a Beginner, and I would not discourage you, any one of these shall serve your turn in a fair way.

Cel. I am much deceiv'd in those Eyes of yours, if a Treat, a Song, and the Fiddle, be not a more acceptable Proof of Love to you, than any of those tragical ones you have mention'd.

Flor. However, you will grant it is but decent you should be pale, lean, and melancholy, to shew you are in love; and that I shall require of you when I see you next.

Cel. When you see me next? Why, you do not make a Rabbit of me, to be lean at twenty four Hours warning? In the mean while, we burn Day-light, lose Time, and Love.

Flor. Would you marry me without Consideration?

Cel. Ay, to choose; for they that think on't, twenty to one, would never do it: hang fore-cast; to make sure of one good Night is as much, in reason, as a Man should expect from this ill World.

Flor. Methinks a few more Years, and Discretion, would do well; I do not like this going to Bed so early, it makes one so weary before Morning.

Cel. That's much, as your Pillow is laid before you go to Sleep.

Flor. Shall I make a Proposition to you? I will give you a whole Year of Probation to love me in, to grow reserv'd, discreet, sober, and faithful, and to pay me all the Services of a Lover.

Cel. And at the End of it you'll marry me?

Flor. If neither of us alter our Minds before——

Cel. By this Light, a necessary Clause——but if I pay

pay in all the aforefaid Services before the Day, you shall be oblig'd to take me sooner into Mercy.

Flor. Provided if you prove unfaithful, then your time of a twelve Month to be prolong'd: so many Services, I will bate you so many Days or Weeks; so many Faults, I will add to your Prenticeship so much more: and of all this I only to be the Judge. If you like it, follow me, Captive. *[She pulls him.]*

Cel. March on, Conqueror. *[Exeunt Cel. and Flor.]*

Enter Palamede solus.

Pal. 'Tis pretty odd, that my Mistress should so much resemble *Rhodophil's*! The same News-monger, the same passionate Lover of a Court; the same, but Basta!—since I must marry her, I'll say nothing of her, because he shall not laugh at my Misfortune.

Enter Rhodophil.

Rho. Well, *Palamede*, how go the Affairs of Love? You've seen your Mistress?

Pal. I have so.

Rho. And how, and how? Has the old *Cupid*, your Father, chosen well for you? Is he a good Woodman?

Pal. She's much handsomer than I could have imagin'd: In short, I love her, and will marry her.

Rho. Then you are quite off your old Mistress?

Pal. You are mistaken, I intend to love 'em both, as a reasonable Man ought to do. For since all Women have their Faults and Imperfections, 'tis fit that one of them should help out the t'other.

Enter Doralice, walking by and reading.

Pal. Ods my Life! *Rhodophil*, will you keep my Counsel?

Rho. Yes: Where's the Secret?

Pal. There 'tis. *[Shewing Doralice.]* I may tell you, as my Friend *sub Sigillo*, &c. This is that very numerical Lady, with whom I am in love.

Rho. By all that's Vertuous, my Wife. *[Aside.]*

Pal. You look strangely; how do you like her? Is she not very handsome.

Rho.

Rho. Sure he abuses me. [*Aside.*] Why the Devil do you ask my Judgment? [*To him.*]

Pal. You are so dogged now, you think no Man's Mistress handsome but your own. Come, you shall hear her talk too; she has a Wit, I assure you.

Rho. This is too much! *Palamede.* [*Going back.*]

Pal. Prithee do not hang back so: Of an old try'd Lover, thou art the most bashful Fellow, [*Pulling him forwards.*]

Dor. Were you so near and would not speak, dear Husband? [*Looking up.*]

Pal. Husband, quoth-a! I have cut out a fine Piece of Work for my self. [*Aside.*]

Rho. Pray, Spouse, how long have you been acquainted with this Gentleman?

Dor. Who, I acquainted with this Stranger? To my best knowledge I never saw him before.

Enter Melantha at the other end.

Pal. Thanks, Fortune, thou hast help'd me. [*Aside.*]

Rho. *Palamede*, this must not pass so; I must know your Mistress a little better.

Pal. It shall be your own Fault else. Come, I'll introduce you.

Rho. Introduce me! Where?

Pal. There, to my Mistress. [*Pointing to Melantha, who swiftly passes over the Stage.*]

Rho. Who! *Melantha*! O Heavens, I did not see her.

Pal. But I did, I am an Eagle where I love: I have seen her this half hour.

Dor. [*Aside.*] I find he has Wit, he has got off so readily; but it would anger me if he should love *Melantha*.

Rho. [*Aside.*] Now I could e'en wish it were my Wife he lov'd, I find he is to be married to my Mistress.

Pal. Shall I run after, and fetch her back again, to present you to her?

Rho. No, you need not; I have the Honour to have some small Acquaintance with her.

Pal. [*Aside.*] O *Jupiter*! What a Blockhead was I, not to find it out? My Wife that must be, is his Mistress,

strefs. I did a little suspect it before: Well, I must marry her, because she's handsome, and because I hate to be disinherited, for a younger Brother, which I am sure I shall be if I disobey; and yet I must keep in with *Rhodophil*, because I love his Wife.

[*To Rhodo.*] I must desire you to make my Excuse to your Lady, if I have been so unfortunate to cause any Mistake, and withal to beg the Honour of being known to her.

Rho. O, that's but reason. Hark you, Spouse, Pray look upon this Gentleman as my Friend; whom, to my knowledge, you have never seen before this Hour.

Dor. I am so obedient a Wife, Sir, that my Husband's Commands shall ever be a Law to me.

Enter Melantha again hastily, runs to embrace Doralice.

Mel. O my Dear, I was just going to pay my Devoirs to you; I had not time this Morning, for making my Court to the King, and our new Prince. Well, never Nation was so happy, and all that, in a young Prince; and he's the kindest Person in the World to me, let me die if he is not.

Dor. He has been bred up far from Court, and therefore——

Mel. That imports not: Tho' he has not seen the *Grande Monde*, and all that, let me die but he has the Air of the Court most absolutely.

Pal. But yet, Madam, he——

Mel. O Servant, you can testify, that I am in his good Graces. Well, I cannot stay long with you, because I have promised him this Afternoon—— But hark you, my Dear, I'll tell you a Secret. [*Whispers to Dor.*]

Rho. The Devil's in me that I must love this Woman. [*Aside.*]

Pal. The Devil's in me that I must marry this Woman. [*Aside.*]

Mel. [*Raising her Voice.*] So the Prince and I—— But you must make a Secret of this, my Dear, for I would not for the World your Husband should hear it, or my Tyrant there that must be.

Pal.

24 *The COMICAL LOVERS.*

Pal. Well, fair Impertinent, your Whisper is not lost, we hear you. [*Afide.*]

Dor. I understand then, that——

Mel. I'll tell you, my Dear, the Prince took me by the Hand, and press'd it *à la derobbée*, because the King was near, made the *doux yeux* to me, and said a thousand Gallantries, or let me die, my Dear.

Dor. Then I am sure you——

Mel. You are mistaken, my Dear.

Dor. What! before I speak?

Mel. But I know your Thoughts. You think, my Dear, that I assum'd something of *fierce* into my Countenance, to *rebutè* him; but quite contrary, I regarded him, I know not how to express it in our dull *Sicilian* Language, *d'un ayre enjoué*; and said nothing but *ad-autre, adautre*, and that it was all *Grimace*, and would not pass upon me.

Enter Flavia, Melantha sees her, and runs away from Doralice.

[*To Flavia.*] My Dear, I must beg your pardon, I was just making a Loose from *Doralice*, to pay my Respects to you: Let me die, if I ever pass time so agreeably, as in your Company; and if I would leave it for any Ladies in *Sicily*.

Fla. Here's the new Beauty, *Florimel*, is coming this way.

Enter Florimel, Melantha runs to her.

Mel. O dear Madam! I have been at your Lodgings, in my new Galeche so often, to tell you of a new Amour betwixt two Persons whom you would little suspect for it; that, let me die, if one of my Coach-horses be not dead, and another quite tir'd, and sunk under the Fatigue.

Flor. O, *Melantha*! I can tell you News, the Prince is coming this way.

Mel. The Prince! O sweet Prince! He and I are to—— and I forgot it—— Your pardon, sweet Madam, for my Abruptness. Adieu, my Dears. Servant

Want Rhodophil; Servant, Servant; Servant all. [*Exit running.*]

Rhodophil goes to Florimel and Flavia. [*Whispers.*]

Dor. [*To Pal.*] Why do you not follow your Mistress, Sir?

Pal. Follow her! Why at this rate she'll be at the Indies within this half hour.

Dor. However, if you can't follow her to-day, you'll meet her at Night, I hope.

Rho. [*To himself.*] I begin to hate this Palamede, because he is to marry my Mistress: Yet break with him I dare not, for fear of being quite excluded from her Company. 'Tis a hard Case, when a Man must go by his Rival to his Mistress: But 'tis at worst, but using him like a Pair of heavy Boots in a dirty Journey; after I have foul'd him all Day, I'll throw him off at Night. —

Pal. But can you, in Charity, suffer me to be mortified, without affording me some Relief? If it be but to punish that Sign of a Husband there; that lazy Matrimony, that dull insipid Taste, who leaves such delicious Fare at home, to dine abroad on worse Meat, and to pay dear for it into the Bargain.

Dor. All this is in vain: Assure yourself, I will never admit of any Visit from you in private.

Pal. That is to tell me, in other Words, my Condition is desperate.

Dor. I think you in so ill a Condition, that I am resolv'd to pray for you this very Evening, in the close Walk behind the Terras; for that's a private Place, and there I am sure no body will disturb my Devotions. And so Good-night, Sir. [*Exit.*]

Pal. This is the newest way of making an Appointment I ever heard of: Let Women alone to contrive the Means; I find we are but Dunces to 'em. Well, I will not be so prophane a Wretch as to interrupt her Devotions; but to make 'em more effectual, I'll down upon my Knees, and endeavour to join my own with 'em.

Fla. Celadon! What makes him here? [*Exeunt omn. but Flavia.*]

Enter to her Celadon, Olinda, Sabina; they walk over the Stage together: He seeming to court them.

Olin. Nay, sweet Celadon——

Sab. Nay, dear Celadon.

Fla. Oho! I see his Business now, 'tis with *Melissa's* two Daughters: Look, look, how he peeps about to see if the Coast be clear; like an Hawk that will not plume if she be look'd on—— [*Exit Celadon, Olinda, Sabinda.*]

So—at last he has trufs'd his Quarry.

Enter Florimel.

Flor. Did you see *Celadon* this way?

Fla. If you had not ask'd the Question, I should have thought you had come from watching him; he is just gone off with *Melissa's* Daughters.

Flor. *Melissa's* Daughters! He did not court 'em I hope.

Fla. So busily, he lost no time: While he was teaching the one a Tune, he was kissing the other's Hand.

Flor. O fine Gentleman!

Fla. And they so greedy of him! Did you never see two Fishes about a Bait, tugging it this way and t'other way: For my part, I look'd at least he should have lost a Leg or Arm i'th' Service——Nay, never vex yourself, but e'en resolve to break with him.

Flor. No, no, 'tis not come to that yet; I'll correct him first, and then hope the best from Time.

Fla. From Time! Believe me there's little Good to be expected from him. I never knew the old Gentleman with the Scythe and the Hour-glass bring any thing but gray Hairs, thin Cheeks, and loss of Teeth: You see *Celadon* loves others.

Flor. There is the more hope he may love me amongst the rest: Hang't, I would not marry one of these solemn Fops: Give me a Servant that is an High-Flyer at all Games, that is bounteous of himself to many Women; and yet whenever I pleas'd to throw out

out the Lure of Matrimony, should come down with a Swinge, and fly the better at his own Quarry.

Fla. But are you sure you can take him down when you think good?

Flor. Nothing more certain.

Fla. What Wager will you venture upon the Tryal?

Flor. Any thing.

Fla. My Maidenhead to yours.

Flor. That's a good one, who shall take the Forfeit?

Fla. Well, I'll go and write a Letter as from these two Sisters, to summon him immediately; it shall be deliver'd before you. I warrant you see a strong Combat betwixt the Flesh and the Spirit: If he leaves you to go to them, you'll grant he loves them better?

Flor. Not a jot the more: A Bee may pick of many Flowers, and yet like some one better than all the rest.

Fla. But then your Bee must not leave his Sting behind him.

Flor. Well, make the Experiment however: I hear him coming, and a whole Noise of Fidlers at his Heels. Hey-day, what a mad Husband shall I have!

Enter Celadon.

Fla. And what a mad Wife will he have? Well, I must go a little way, but I'll return immediately and write it: You'll keep him in discourse the while. *[Exit*

Flavia.

Cal. Where are you, Madam? What do you mean to run away thus? Pray stand to't, that we may dispatch this Business. Caught! by all that's Impudent.

[Aside.

Flor. I think you mean to watch me, as they do Witches, to make me confess I love you. Lord, what a Buffle have you kept this Afternoon? What with Eating, Singing and Dancing, I am so wearied, that I shall not be in case to hear any more Love this fortnight.

Cal. Nay, if you surfeit on't before tryal, Mercy on you when I have marry'd you.

Flor. But what King's Revenue do you think will maintain this extravagant Expence?

Cal. I have an intolerable Father, a rich old Rogue,

if he would once die! Lord, how long does he mean to make it e'er he dies?

Flor. As long as ever he can, I'll pass my Word for him.

Cel. I think then we had best consider him as an obstinate old Fellow, that is deaf to the News of a better World, and ne'er stay for him.

Flor. But e'en marry and get him Grand-Children in abundance, and Great Grand-Children upon them, and so inch him and shove him out of the World by the very force of new Generations.—If that be the way, you must excuse me.

Cel. But dost thou know what it is to be an old Maid?

Flor. No, nor hope I shan't these twenty Years.

Cel. But when that time comes, in the first place thou wilt be condemn'd to tell Stories, how many Men thou might'st have had; and none believe thee: Then thou growest froward, and impertinently weariest all thy Friends to solicit Man for thee.

Flor. Away with your old Common-place Wit: I am resolv'd to grow fat, and look young till Forty, and then slip out of the World with the first Wrinkle, and the Reputation of Five-and-twenty.

Cel. Well, what think you now of a Reckoning betwixt us?

Flor. How do you mean?

Cel. To discount for so many Days of my Year's Service, as I have paid in since Morning.

Flor. With all my heart.

Cel. *Imprimis*, for a Treat: *Item*, for my Glass-Coach: *Item*, for sitting bare, and playing with your Fan: And lastly and principally, for my Fidelity to you this long Hour and half.

Flor. For this I bate you three Weeks of your Service: Now hear your Bill of Faults; for your comfort, 'tis a short one.

Cel. I know it.

Flor. *Imprimis*, *Item*, and Sum total, for keeping Company with *Melissæ's* Daughters.

Cel. How the duce came you to know of that?

Gad, I believe the Devil plays booty against himself, and tells you of my Sins. [Aside.]

Flor. The Offence being so small, the Punishment shall be proportionable; I will set you back only half a Year.

Cel. You're most Unconscionable: Why then do you think we shall come together? There's none but the old Patriarchs could live long enough to marry you at this rate. What, do you take me for some Cousin of Methusalem's, that I must stay an hundred Years before I come to beget Sons and Daughters?

Flor. Here's an impudent Lover, he complains of me, without offering to excuse himself; Item, a Fortnight more for that.

Cel. So, there's another Puff in my Voyage has blown me back to the North of Great Britain.

Flor. All this is nothing to your Excuse for the two Sisters.

Cel. Faith, if I ever did more than kiss 'em, and that but once——

Flor. What could you have done more to me?

Cel. An hundred times more; as thou shalt know, dear Rogue, at time convenient.

Flor. You talk, you talk: Cou'd you kiss 'em, tho' but once, and never think of me?

Cel. Nay, if I had thought of thee, I had kiss'd 'em over a thousand times with the very force of Imagination.

Flor. The Gallants are mightily beholden to you; you have found 'em out a new way to kiss their Mistresses, upon other Women's Lips.

Cel. What wou'd you have? You are my Sultana Queen, the rest are but in the nature of your Slaves: I may make some flight Excursion in the Enemy's Country for Forage, or so, but I ever return to my Head Quarters.

Enter Boy with a Letter.

Cel. To me?

Boy. If your Name be Celadon. [Celad. reads softly.]

Cel. [To the Page.] Child, come hither Child, here's

Money for thee: So, be gone quickly, good Child, before any body examines thee: Thou art in a dangerous place, Child——— [*Thrusts him out.*] Very good, the Sisters send me word they will have the Fiddles this Afternoon, and invite me to sup there— Now cannot I forbear, and I should be hang'd, tho' I scap'd a Scouring so lately for it. Yet I love *Florimel* better than both of 'em together.—— There's the Riddle on't, but only for the sweet sake of Variety. [*Aside.* Well, we must all sin, and all repent, and there's an end on't.

Flor. What is it that makes you fidge up and down so?

Cel. Faith I am sent for by a very dear Friend, and 'tis upon a business of Life and Death.

Flor. On my Life, some Woman.

Cel. On my Honour, some Man; do you think I would lye to you?

Flor. But you engag'd to sup with me.

Cel. But I consider it may be scandalous to stay late in your Lodgings. Adieu, dear Creature, if ever I am false to thee again—— [*Exit Celadon.*

Flor. See what constant Metal you Men are made of! He begins to vex me in good earnest. Hang him, let him go and take enough of 'em; and yet methinks I can't endure he should neither. Lord, that such a Mad-cap as I should ever live to be jealous! I must after him. Some Ladies would discard him now, but I,

A fitter way for my Revenge will find,

I'll marry him, and serve him in his kind.

[*Exit Flor.*

The End of the Second Act.

A C T



ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Rodophil meeting Doralice and Flavia. Rhodophil and Doralice embrace.

Rho. MY own dear Heart!
Dor. My own true Love! [*She starts back.*]
 I had forgot my self, to be so kind; indeed I am very angry with you, Dear, you are come an Hour after you appointed: If you had staid a Minute longer, I was just considering whether I should stab, hang, or drown my self. [*Embracing him.*]

Rho. Nothing but the King's Business could have hinder'd me; and I was so vex'd, that I was just laying down my Commission, rather than have fail'd my Dear. [*Kissing her Hand.*]

Fla. Why, this is Love as it should be, betwixt Man and Wife; such another Couple would bring Marriage into Fashion again. But is it always thus betwixt you!

Rho. Always thus! this is nothing. I tell you there is not such a pair of Turtles in all *Sicily*; there is such an eternal Cooing and Kissing betwixt us, that indeed it is scandalous before Company.

Dor. Well, if I had imagin'd I should have been this fond Fool, I would never have marry'd the Man I lov'd: I marry'd to be happy, and have made my self miserable, by over-loving. Nay, and now my Case is desperate, for I have been married above these two Years, and find my self every Day worse and worse in Love; nothing but Madness can be the end on't.

Fla. Doat on to the Extremity, and you are happy.

Dor. He deserves so infinitely much, that the truth is, there can be no doating in the Matter; but to love well, I confess is a Work that pays itself; 'tis telling Gold, and after taking it for one's pains.

R. 4.

Rho.

Rho. By that I should be a very covetous Person, for I am ever pulling out my Money, and putting it into my Pocket again.

Dor. Oh dear *Rhodophil*!

Rho. Oh sweet *Doralice*! [*Embracing each other.*]

Fla. [*Afide.*] Nay, I'm resolv'd I'll never interrupt Lovers: I'll leave them as happy as I found 'em.

[*Steals away.*]

Rho. What, is she gone?

[*Looking up.*]

Dor. Yes, and without taking Leave.

Rho. 'Then there's enough for this time.

Dor. Yes sure, the Scene's done, I take it. [*Parting from her. They walk contrary on the Stage, he with his Hands in his Pocket, Whistling; she Singing a dull melancholy Tune.*]

Rho. Pox o' your dull Tune, a Man can't think for you.

Dor. Pox o' your damn'd Whistling, you can neither be Company to me yourself, nor leave me to the Freedom of my own Fancy.

Rho. Well, thou art the most provoking Wife.

Dor. Well, thou art the dullest Husband, thou art never to be provok'd.

Rho. I was never thought dull till I marry'd thee, and now thou hast made an old Knife of me, thou hast whetted me so long till I have no Edge left.

Dor. I see you are in the Husband's Fashion, you reserve all your Good-Humour for your Mistresses, and keep your ill for your Wives.

Rho. Prithee leave me to my own Cogitations; I am thinking over all my Sins, to find for which of them 'twas I marry'd thee.

Dor. What ever your Sin was, mine's the Punishment.

Rho. My Comfort is, thou art not Immortal; and when that blessed, that divine Day comes, of this Departure, I'm resolv'd I'll make one Holy-day more in the Almanack, for thy sake.

Dor. Ay, you had need make a Holy-day for me, for I am sure you have made me a Martyr.

Rho. Then setting my victorious Foot upon thy Head,
in

in the first Hour of thy Silence, (that is, the first Hour thou art dead, for I despair of it before) I will swear by thy Ghost, an Oath as terrible to me, as *Styx* is to the Gods; never more to be in danger to the Bonds of Matrimony——

Dor. And I am resolv'd to marry the very same Day thou dy'st, if it be to shew how little I'm concern'd for thee.

Rho. Prithee, *Doralice*, why do we quarrel thus a-days? Ha! This is but a kind of heathenish Life, and does not answer the ends of Marriage. If I have err'd, propose what reasonable Atonement may be made before we sleep, and I shall not be refractory: But withall consider, I have been marry'd these three Years, and be not too Tyrannical.

Dor. Why should you talk of a Peace, when you can give no Security for Performance of Articles?

Rho. Then since we must live together, and both of us stand upon our Terms, as to the matter of dying first, let us ev'n make ourselves as merry as we can with our Misfortunes. Why there's the Devil on't, if thou couldst make thy Favours but a little less easy; or but a little more unlawful, thou should'st see what a Termagant Lover I would prove. I have taken such Pains to like thee, *Doralice*, that I have fancy'd thee all the fine Women in the Town to help me out: But now there's none left for me to think on, my Imagination is quite jaded. Thou art a Wife, and thou wilt be a Wife, and I can make thee another no longer. [*Exit*

Dor. Well, since thou art a Husband, and wilt be a Husband, I'll try if I can't find out another that won't think me a Wife.

Enter Melantha and Flavia to her.

Mel. Dear, my Dear, pity me, I am so chagrin to-day, and have had the most signal Affront at Court: I went this Afternoon to do my *Devoir* to the Princess, and help'd to make her Court some half an Hour: After which, she went to take the Air, chose out two La-

dies to go with her, that came in after me, and left me most barbarously behind her.

Fla. You are the less to be pitied, *Melantha*, because you subject yourself to these Affronts, by coming perpetually to Court, where you have no Business nor Employment.

Mel. I declare I had rather of the two, be *railly'd*, nay *mal traitté* at Court, than be deify'd in the Town; for positively, nothing can be so *ridicule*, as a meer Town Lady.

Fla. And therefore I would e'en advise you to quit the Court, and live either wholly in the Town; or, if you like not that, in the Country.

Dor. In the Country! nay, that's to fall beneath the Town; for they live there upon our Offals here: Their Entertainment of Wit is only the remembrance of what they had when they were last in Town; they live this Year upon last Year's Knowledge, as the Cattle do all Night, by chewing the Cud of what they eat in the Afternoon.

Mel. And then they tell for News such unlikely Stories: A Letter from one of us is such a Present to 'em, that the poor Souls wait for the Carrier's Day with such Devotion, that they cannot sleep the Night before.

Fla. No more than I can the Night before I am to go a Journey.

Dor. Or I, before I am to try on a new Gown.

Mel. A Song that's stale here, will be new there a Twelvemonth hence: And if a Man of the Town by chance come amongst 'em, he's reverenc'd for teaching 'em the Tune.

Dor. A Friend of mine, who makes Songs sometimes, came lately out of the West, and vow'd he was so put out of Countenance with a Song of his: For at the first Country Gentleman's he visited, he saw three Tailors cross-legg'd upon the Table in the Hall, who were tearing it out as loud as they could sing,

—After the Pangs of a desperate Lover, &c.

And all that Day he heard nothing else, but the Daughters

ters of the House, and the Maids, humming it over in every Corner, and the Father whistling it.

Fla. Indeed I have observ'd of my self, that when I am out of Town but a Fortnight, I am so humble, that I would receive a Letter from my Taylor or Mercer, for a Favour.

Mel. When I have been at Grasse in the Summer, and am new come up again, methinks I am to be turn'd into Ridicule by all that see me: But when I have been once or twice at Court, I begin to value my self again, and to despise my Country Acquaintance.

Fla. There are places where all People may be adored, and we ought to know ourselves so well as to chuse 'em. But I see we shall leave *Melantha* where we found her; for the Town and Country are become more dreadful to her than the Court, where she was affronted. But you forget, we are to wait on the Princess. Come. *Doralice.*

Dor. Farewell, *Melantha.*

Mel. Adieu, my Dear.

Fla. You are out of Charity with her; and therefore I shall not give your Service.

Mel. Do not omit it, I beseech you; for I have such a Tender for the Court, that I love it even from the Drawing-Room to the Lobby, and can never be *Rebuttée* by any Usage. But hark you, my Dear, one thing I had forgot of great Concernment.

Dor. Quickly then, we are in haste.

Mel. Do not call it my Service, that's too vulgar; but do my *Baïse-Mains* to the Princess.

Dor. To do you Service then, we will do your *Baïse-Mains* to the Princess. [Exit *Fla.* and *Dor.*]

Enter Philotis with a Paper in her Hand.

Mel. O, are you there, Minion? And, well, are not you a most precious Damself, to retard all my Visits for want of Language, when you know you are paid so well for furnishing me with new Words for my daily Conversation? Let me die, if I have not run the risque already, to speak like one of the Vulgar; and if I have one Phrase left in all my Store that is not threadbare,

bare, and fit for nothing but to be thrown to Peasants.

Phil. Indeed, Madam, I have been very diligent in my Vocation; but you have so drain'd all the *French* Plays and Romances, that they are not able to supply you with Words for your daily Expences.

Mel. Drain'd! What a Word's there? *Epuisée*, you Sot you. Come produce your Morning's Work.

Phil. 'Tis here, Madam. [*Shews the Paper.*]

Mel. O, my *Venus*! fourteen or fifteen Words to serve me a whole Day! Let me die, at this rate I cannot last till Night. Come read your Works: Twenty to one, half of them will not pass Muster neither.

Phil. *Sottises*. [*Reads.*]

Mel. *Sottises*, *bon*, that's an excellent Word to begin withal, as for Example: He or she said a thousand *Sottises* to me. Proceed.

Phil. *Figure*: As what a *Figure* of a Man is there? *Naiue*, and *Naiveté*.

Mel. *Naiue*; as how?

Phil. Speaking of a thing that was naturally said; it was so *naive*, or such an innocent Piece of Simplicity; 'twas such a *Naiveté*.

Mel. Truce with your Interpretations; make haste.

Phil. *Foible*, *Chagrin*, *Grimace*, *Embarrasse*, *double Entendre*, *Equivoque*, *Eclaircissement*, *Suitté*, *Bevue*, *Façon*, *Panchant*, *Coup d'etourdy*, and *Ridicule*.

Mel. Hold, hold; how did they begin?

Phil. They began at *Sottises*, and ended *en Ridicule*.

Mel. Now give me your Papet in my Hand, and hold you my Glas, while I practise my Airs for the Day. [*Melantha laughs in the Glas.*] How does that Laugh become my Face?

Phil. Sovereignly well, Madam.

Mel. Sovereignly! Let me die, that's not amiss, that Word shall not be yours, I'll invent it, and bring it up my self; my new Head shall be yours upon't: Not a Word of the Word, I charge you.

Phil. I am dumb, Madam.

Mel. That Glance, how suits it with my Face?

[*Looking in the Glas again.*]

Phil. 'Tis so *Languissant*.

Mel.

Mel. *Languissant!* That Word shall be mine too, and my last *Indian Gown* thine for't. That Sigh.

[*Looks again.*]

Phil. 'Twill make many a Man sigh, Madam, 'tis a mere *Incendiary*.

Mel. Take my blue Petticoat for that Truth. If thou hast any more of these Phrases, let me die, but I could give away all my Wardrobe, and go naked for 'em.

Phil. Go naked! Then you would be a *Venus*, Madam. O *Jupiter!* What had I forgot? This Paper was given me by *Rhodophil's* Page.

Mel. [*Reading the Letter.*]—*Beg the Favour from you—Gratify my Passion—so far—Assignment—in the Grotto—behind the Terras—Clock this Evening.*—Well, for the *Billet-doux*, there's no Man in *Sicily*, must dispute with *Rhodophil*; they are so *French*, so *Gallant*, and so *Tendré*, that I cannot resist the Temptation of the *Assignment*. Now go you away, *Philotis*, it imports me to practise what I shall say to my Servant when I meet him.

[*Exit Philotis.*]

Rhodophil, you'll wonder at my Assurance to meet you here; let me die, I am so out of breath with coming, that I can render you no Reason for it. Then he will make this *Repartee*; Madam, I have no reason to accuse you for that which is so great a Favour to me! Then I reply, But why have you drawn me to this solitary Place? Let me die, but I am apprehensive of some Violence from you. Then says he, Solitude, Madam, is most fit for Lovers; but by this fair Hand—Nay now, I vow you're rude, Sir: O fie, fie, fie, I hope you'll be honourable?—You'd laugh at me if I shou'd, Madam—What do you mean to ravish a Kiss by main force? Ha, ha, ha! [*Exit*]

Palamede and Doralice meet; she with a Book in her Hand seems to start at sight of him.

Dor. 'Tis a strange thing that no Warning will serve your turn; and that no Retirement will secure me from your impertinent Addresses! Did I not tell you that I was to be private here at my Devotions?

Pal. Yes; and you see I have observ'd my Cue exactly:

actly: I am come to relieve you from them. Come, shut up, shut up your Book; the Man's come who is to supply your Necessities.

Dor. Then it seems, you are so impudent to think it was an Affignation? This I warrant was your lewd Interpretation of my innocent Meaning.

Pal. Venus forbid that I should harbour so unreasonable a Thought of a fair young Lady, that you should lead me hither into Temptation. I confess I might think indeed it was a kind of honourable Challenge, to meet privately, without Seconds, and decide the Difference betwixt the two Sexes: But I hope you'll forgive me if I thought amiss.

Dor. You thought too, I'll lay my Life on't, that you might as well make Love to me, as my Husband does to your Mistress.

Pal. I was so unreasonable to think so too.

Dor. And then you wickedly inferr'd, that there was some Justice in the Revenge of it: Or at least but little Injury; for a Man to endeavour to enjoy that, which he accounts a Blessing, and which is not valu'd as it ought by the dull Possessor. Confess your Wickedness; did you not think so?

Pal. I confess I was thinking so, as fast as I could; but you think so much before me, that you will let me think nothing.

Dor. 'Tis the very thing that I design'd: I have forestall'd all your Arguments, and left you without a Word more, to plead for Mercy. If you have any thing farther to offer, e'er Sentence pass—Poor Animal! I brought you hither only for my Diversion.

Pal. That you may have, if you'll make use of me the right way; but I tell thee, Woman, I'm now past talking.

Dor. But it may be, I came hither to hear what fine things you could say for yourself.

Pal. You would be very angry, to my Knowledge, if I should lose so much time to say many of 'em; and by this Hand you would——

Dor. Fie Palamede, I am a Woman of Honour.

Pal. I see you are; you have kept touch with your Affig-

Assignment, and before we part, you shall find that I am a Man of Honour—yet I have one Scruple of Conscience——

Dor. I warrant you will not want some naughty Argument or other to satisfy yourself——I hope you are afraid of betraying your Friend?

Pal. Of betraying my Friend! I am more afraid of being betray'd by you to my Friend. You Women now are got into the way of telling first yourselves: A Man who has any care of his Reputation will be loth to trust it with you.

Dor. O, you charge your Faults upon our Sex: You Men are like Cocks, you never make Love, but you clap your Wings, and crow when you have done.

Pal. Nay, rather you Women are like Hens; you never lay, but you cackle an Hour after, to discover your Nest——but I'll venture it for once.

Dor. To convince you that you are in the wrong, I'll retire into the dark Grotto, to my Devotion, and make so little Noise that it shall be impossible for you to find me.

Pal. But if I do find you——

Dor. Ay, if you do find me—— [*She runs in, and he after her.*]

Enter Rodophil and Melantha.

Mel. Let me die, but this Solitude, and that Grotto are scandalous; I'll go no farther: Besides, you have a sweet Lady of your own.

Rho. But a sweet Mistress, now and then, makes my sweet Lady so much more sweet.

Mel. I hope you will not force me?

Rho. But I will if you desire it.

Pal. [*Within.*] Where the Devil are you, Madam? S'death I begin to be weary of this Hide and Seek: If you stay a little longer, till the Fit's over, I'll hide in my turn, and put you to the finding of me. [*He enters and sees Rho. and Mel.*]
How, Rhodophil and my Mistress!

Mel. My Servant to apprehend me! This is *Supremant au dernier.*

Rho.

Rbo. I must on, there's nothing but Impudence can help me out.

Pal. *Rodophil*, how came you hither in so good Company?

Rbo. As you see, *Palamede*; an effect of pure Friendship; I was not able to live without you.

Pal. But what makes my Mistress with you?

Rbo. Why, I heard you were here alone, and could not in Civility but bring her to you.

Mel. You'll pardon the Effects of a Passion, which I may now avow for you, if it transported me beyond the Rules of *bien Seance*.

Pal. But who told you I was here? They that told you that, may tell you more, for ought I know.

Rbo. O, for that matter, we had Intelligence.

Pal. But let me tell you, we came hither so privately, that you could not trace us.

Rbo. Us! what us? You are alone.

Pal. Us! The Devil's in me for mistaking. Me, I meant: Or Us; that is, You are me, or I you, as we are Friends, that's Us.

Dor. *Palamede, Palamede!* [Within.]

Rbo. I should know that Voice: Who's within there, that calls you?

Pal. Faith, I can't imagine; I believe that place is haunted.

Dor. *Palamede, Palamede!* [Within.]

Rbo. Lord, lord, what shall I do? Well, dear Friend, to let you see I scorn to be jealous, and that I dare trust my Mistress with you, take her back, for I would not willingly have her frightened; and I am resolv'd to see who's there? I'll not be daunted with a Bug-bear, that's certain, prithee dispute it not, it shall be so; nay, do not put me to swear, but go quickly; there's an Effect of pure Friendship for you now.

Enter Doralice, and looks amaz'd, seeing them.

Rbo. *Doralice!* I am Thunder-struck to see you here.

Pal. So am I, quite Thunder-struck; was it you that call'd me within? (I must be Impudent).

Rbo. How came you hither, Spouse!

Pal. Ay, how came you hither? And, which is more, how could you be here without my Knowledge?

Dor. [To her Husband.] O, Gentleman, have I caught you i'faith? Have I broke forth in ambush upon you? I thought my Suspitions would prove true.

Rho. Suspitions! This is very fine, Spouse. Pri-
thee what Suspitions?

Dor. O, you feign Ignorance: Why of you and *Melantha*; here have I staid these two hours, waiting with all the Rage of a passionate loving Wife, but infinitely jealous, to take you two together; for hither I was certain you would come.

Rho. But you are mistaken, Spouse, in the occasion; for we came hither on purpose to find *Palamede*, on Intelligence he was gone before.

Pal. I'll be hang'd then, if the same Party, who gave you Intelligence I was here, did not tell your Wife you would come hither: Now I smell the Malice out on both Sides.

Dor. Was it so, think you? Nay then, I'll confess my part of the Malice too. As soon as ever I spy'd my Husband and *Melantha* come together, I had a strange Temptation to make him jealous in Revenge; and that made me call *Palamede*, *Palamede*, as though there had been an Intrigue between us.

Mel. Nay, I vow there was an Appearance of an Intrigue between us too.

Pal. To see how things will come about.

Rho. And was it only thus, my dear *Doralice*? [Em-
braces.]

Dor. And did I wrong n'own *Rhodophil*, with a false Suspicion? [Embracing him.]

Pal. [Aside.] Now I am confident we had all four the same Design: 'Tis a pretty odd kind of Game this, where each of us plays for double Stakes: This is just Thrust and Parry with the same Motion; I am to get his Wife, and yet to guard my own Mistress. But I am vilely suspicious, that, while I conquer in the right Wing, I shall be routed in the left: For both our Women will certainly betray their Party, because they are each of them for gaining two, as well as we; and I much fear,

If their Necessities and ours were known,

They have more need of two, than we of one.

[Exeunt, embracing one another.]

Enter Melissa, after her Olinda and Sabina.

Mel. I must take this Business up in time: This wild Fellow begins to haunt my House again. Well, I'll be bold to say, 'tis as easy to bring up a young Lion, without Mischief, as a Maidenhead of fifteen, to make it tame for a Husband's Bed: Not but that the young Man is handsome, rich, and young; and I could be content he should marry one of them: But to seduce 'em both in this Manner!—Well, I'll examine them apart; and if I can find out which he loves, I'll offer him his choice—
Olinda, come hither, Child.—

Olin. Your Pleasure, Madam?

Mel. Nothing but your Good, *Olinda*. What think you of *Celadon*?

Olin. Why, I think he's a very mad Fellow; but yet I have some Obligements to him: He teaches me new Airs on the *Guitarre*, and talks wildly to me, and I to him.

Mel. But tell me in earnest, do you think he loves you?

Olin. Can you doubt it? There were never two so cut out for one another; we both love Singing, Dancing, Treats and Musick. In short, we are each other's Counter-part.

Mel. But does he love you seriously?

Olin. Seriously! I know not that; if he did, perhaps I should not love him: But we sit and talk, and we wrangle and are Friends: When we are together we never hold our tongues, and then we have always a Noise of Fiddles at our Heels; he hunts me merrily as the Hound does the Hare: and either this is Love, or I know it not.

Mel. Well, go back, and call *Sabina* to me. [*Olinda goes behind.*] This is a Riddle past my finding out: whether he loves her or no is the Question; but this I am sure of, she loves him.——O my little Favourite, I must ask you a Question concerning *Celadon*: Is he in love with you?

Sab. I think indeed he does not hate me, at least if a Man's word may be taken for it.

Mel.

Mel. But what Expressions has he made you?

Sab. Truly the Man has done his part; he has spoken civilly to me, and I was not so young but I understood him.

Mel. And you could be content to marry him?

Sab. I have sworn never to marry; besides, he's a wild young Man; yet to obey you, Mother, I would be content to be sacrific'd.

Mel. No, no, we wou'd but lead you to the Altar.

Sab. Not to put off the Gentleman neither; for if I have him not, I am resolv'd to die a Maid, that's once Mother——

Mel. Both my Daughters are in love with him, and I cannot yet find he loves either of them.

Olin. Mother, Mother, yonder's *Celadon* in the Walks.

Mel. Peace, Wanton, you had best ring the Bells for Joy. Well, I'll not meet him, because I know not which to offer him, yet he seems to like the youngest best, I'll give him opportunity with her. *Olinda*, do you make haste after me.

Olin. This is something hard though.

[Exit *Melissa*.]

Enter Celadon.

Cel. You-see, Ladies, the least Breath of yours brings me to you: I have been seeking you at your Lodgings, and from thence came hither after you.

Sab. 'Tis well you found us.

Cel. I found you! Half this Brightness betwixt you two, was enough to have lighted me; I could never miss my way: Here's fair *Olinda* has Beauty enough for one Family? Such a Voice, such a Wit, so noble a Stature, so white a Skin.

Olin. I thought he would be particular at last.

[*Aside.*

Cel. And young *Sabina*, so sweet an Innocence; such a Rose-bud newly blown. This is my goodly Palace of Love, and that my little with-drawing Room.

—A word, Madam—

[To *Sab.*

Olin.

44 *The COMICAL LOVERS.*

Olin. I like not this [*Afide.*] Sir, if you are not too busy with my Sister I would speak with you.

Cel. I come Madam——

Sab. Time enough, Sir; pray finish your Discourse
——And as you were a saying, Sir——

Olin. Sweet, Sir——

Sab. Sister, you forget my Mother bid you make haste.

Olin. Well, go you and tell her I am coming——

Sab. I can never endure to be the Messenger of ill News; but if you please, I'll send her word you won't come.——

Olin. Minion, Minion, remember this——

[*Exit Olinda.*]

Sab. She's horribly in love with you.

Cel. Lord, who could love that walking Steeple! she's so high, that every time she sings to me, I am looking up for the Bell, that tolls to Church——Ha! give me my little fifth Rate that lies so snug——She, hang her a Dutch-built bottom; she's so tall there's no boarding her. But we lose time——Madam let me seal my Love upon your Mouth. [*Kiss.*] Soft and Sweet, by Heaven! Sure you wear Rose-Leaves between your Lips.

Sab. Lord, Lord, what's the Matter with me! My Breath grows so short I can scarce speak to you.

Cel. No Matter, give me thy Lips again, and I'll speak for thee.

Sab. You don't love me——

Cel. I warrant thee; sit down by me, and kiss again——She warms faster than *Pigmalion's* Image. [*Afide.*] [*Kiss.*]——I marry, Sir, this was the original Use of Lips; talking, eating, and drinking, came by the by——

Sab. Nay, pray be civil, will you be at quiet?

Cel. What would you have me sit still and look upon you like a little puppy Dog, that's taught to beg with his Fore-Leg up?

Enter Florimel.

Flor. *Celadon* the faithful! in good time, Sir——

Cel.

The COMICAL LOVERS. 45

Cel. In very good, *Florimel*; for Heaven's sake help me quickly.

Flor. What's the matter?

Dor. Do you not see here's a poor Gentlewoman in a Swoon! (Swoon away!) I have been rubbing her this half Hour, and cannot bring her to her Senses.

Flor. Alas! how came she so?

Cel. O barbarous, do you stay to ask Questions, run for Charity.

Flor. Help, help, alas poor Lady—— [Exit *Flor.*

Sab. Is she gone?

Cel. Thanks to my Wit that help'd me at a Pinch: I thank Heaven, I never pump'd for a Lye in my Life yet.

Sab. I am afraid you love her, *Celadon*!

Cel. Only as a civil Acquaintance, or so: But however, to avoid Slander, you had best be gone before she comes again.

Sab. I can find a Tongue as well as she——

Cel. Ay, but the Truth is, I'm a kind of a scandalous Person, and for you to be seen in my Company—— Stay in the Walks, by this Kifs I'll be with you presently. [Exit *Sab.*

Enter Florimel running.

Flor. Help, help, I can find no body.

Cel. 'Tis needless now, my Dear, she's recovered and gone off, but so wan and weakly——

Flor. Umh! what was your Business here, *Celadon*?

Cel. Charity, Charity, christian Charity; you saw I was labouring for Life with her.

Flor. But how came you hither? Not that I care—— But, only to be satisfy'd. [Sings.

Cel. You are jealous, in my Conscience.

Flor. Who, I jealous! then I wish this Sigh may be the last that ever I may draw. [Sighs.

Cel. But why do you sigh then?

Flor. Nothing but a Cold, I cannot fetch my Breath well—— But what will you say, if I wrote the Letter you had to try your Faith?

Cel. Hey-day! this is just the Devil and the Sinner; you

you lay Snares for me, and then punish me for being taken; here's trying a Man's Faith indeed: What, do you think I had the Faith of a Stock, or of a Stone? Nay, and you go to tantalize a Man——'Gad, I love upon the Square, I can endure no Tricks to be used to me. [Olinda and Sabina at the Door peeping.

Olin. Sab. Celadon, Celadon!

Flor. What Voices are those?

Cel. Some Comrades of mine that call me to play—
Pox on 'em they'll spoil all— [Aside.

Flor. Pray let's see 'em.

Cel. Hang 'em, Tatter-de-malions, they are not worth your fight: Pray Gentlemen be gone, I'll be with you immediately.

Sab. No, we'll stay here for you.

Flor. Do your Gentlemen speak with treble Voices. I'm resolv'd to see what Company you keep.

Cel. Nay, good my Dear—— [He lays hold of her to pull her back, she lays hold of Olinda, by whom Sabina holds; so that he pulling, they all come in.

Flor. Are these your Comrades? [Sings] 'Tis Strephon calls, what would my Love? Why do you not roar out like a great Bass-Viol, Come follow to the Myrtle Grove—Pray, Sir, which of these fair Ladies is it, for whom you were to do the Courtesy; for it were unconscionable to leave you to 'em both. What, a Man's but a Man, you know.

Olin. The Gentleman may find an Owner.

Sab. Though not of you.

Flor. Pray agree whose the lost Sheep is, and take him.

Cel. 'Slife they'll cry me anon, and tell my Marks.

Sab. Can Flesh and Blood endure this?

Flor. How now, my Amazon in decimo sexto?

Sab. Come away, Sister, we shall be jeer'd to death else. [Exeunt Olinda and Sabina.

Flor. What do you look that way for? You can't forbear leering after the forbidden Fruit—But when e'er I take a Wencher's Word again——

Cel. A Wencher's Word; why should you speak so

contemptibly of the better half of Mankind? I'll stand up for the Honour of my Vocation.

Flor. You are in no fault, I warrant——

Cel. Not to give a fair Lady the Lye, I am in fault;—but otherwise—Come let us be Friends, and let me wait upon you to your Lodgings.

Flor. This Impudence shall not save you from my Table-book. *Item,* A Month more for this Fault——

Cel. Pshah! Pshah! You shall see I will so be labour you with Constancy, and Flames, and Darts, and blank Verse, and soft Things, and all that, that before I part with you, I will reduce that unmerciful long Scroll in your Table-book, to within two Seconds of the critical Minute.

Flor. Say you so, Sir? I have a good mind to put you to a Proof of your Gallantry——What would you say if I should make you an Assignment at the Masquerade to-night? But by the way, I have a mind to play deep there, and for fear I should baulk my Fortune for want of a good Sum, you shall lend me two or three hundred Pistoles.

Cel. Ah! dear Madam, this is the least Proof you could have made of me. I have just that Sum in my strong Box, and the Minute you meet me at the Masquerade, they are positively at your Service—I'll bring 'em my self——But how shall I know you?

Flor. O! I'll shew you my Face——But you promise not to mention the word Love to any Woman before I come.

Cel. Fie, fie, doubt my Constancy! you might as well suspect my Honour.

Flor. Well, remember then I depend upon both——Adieu, I am in haste.

Cel. One Minute will break no Squares, I'll warrant you.

Flor. No, no, no more, I shall give you a Surfeit of my Company.

Cel. A Surfeit! why you have but tantalized me all this while.

Flor. What would you have?

Cel. An Hand, a Lip, or any Thing that you can spare;

48 *The COMICAL LOVERS.*

spare; when you have conjur'd up a Spirit, you must give him some Employment, or he'll tear you to pieces.

Flor. Well, well, because I won't discourage your Constancy——there, there's a Lock of my Hair set in Diamonds to help your Contemplation——Now not one word or step farther, but take your leave in dumb shew, and be gone.

Cel. Oh! [*Bowing, and affecting a Sigh.*]

Flor. Oh Impertinent!

*So have I seen in Tragick Scenes, a Lover,
With dying Eyes his parting Pains discover,
While the soft Nymph looks back to view him far,
And speaks her Anguish with her Handkercher:
Again they turn, still ogling as before,
Till each gets backward to the distant Door:
Then, when the last, last Look their Grief betrays,
The Act is ended, and the Musick plays.*

[*Exeunt, mimicking this.*]

The End of the Third Act.



A C T IV.

Enter Palamede, Rhodophil, in Masquerade; with Flambeaux before them.

Pal. **T**HIS Masquerading, *Rhodophil*, is a most glorious Invention.

Rho. I believe it was invented first by some jealous Lover, to discover the Haunts of his jilting Mistress, or by some distressed Servant, to get an Opportunity with another Man's Wife.

Pal. No, no, it must be the Invention of a Woman, there's so much Subtlety and Love in it.

Rho. Let the Invention be whose it will, I'm sure 'tis extremely pleasant; for to go unknown is the next degree

degree to going invisible. [*Enter Beliza.*] *Beliza*, What makes you here?

Bel. Sir, my Lady sent me after you, to let you know she finds herself a little indispos'd, so that she cannot be at Court, but is retired to rest in her own Apartment, where she shall want the Happiness of your dear Embraces to-night.

Rho. A very fine Phrase, *Beliza*, to let me know my Wife desires to lie alone.

Pal. I doubt, *Rhodophil*, you take the pains to instruct your Wife's Women in these Elegancies.

Rho. Tell my dear Lady, that since I must be so unhappy, as not to wait on her to-night, I will lament bitterly for her Absence: 'Tis true, I shall stay a little here at Court to-night, but without her I shall take no Divertisement.

Bel. I shall do your Commands, Sir. [*Exit Beliza.*

Rho. She's sick as aptly for my purpose, as if she had contriv'd it so.

Pal. Sick! And lies alone! Then it's possible she may have contriv'd it for my purpose. Mum!

Rho. Well! If ever Woman was a Help-meet for a Man, my Spouse is so; for within this Hour I receiv'd a Note from *Melantha*, that she would be here in Masquerade in Boy's Habit, to rejoice with me before she enter'd into Fetters, for I find she loves me better than *Palamede*, only because he's to be her Husband: There's something of Antipathy in the Word Marriage to the very Nature of Love: Marriage is the meer Ladle of Affection, that cools it, when 'tis never so fiercely boiling over.

Pal. Dear *Rhodophil*, I must beg your pardon, there's an occasion fall'n out, which I had forgot: I can't be at the Masquerade to-night.

Rho. Dear *Palamede*, I am sorry we sha'n't have one Course together at the Herd; but I find your Game lies single: Good fortune to you with your Mistresses. [*Exit.*

Pal. So, he has wish'd me good Fortune with his Wife, there's no sin in this then. Here's fair leave given. Well, I must go visit the Sick: I cannot resist

list the Temptations of my Charity. O what a Difference will she find betwixt a dull resty Husband, and the free Spirit of a Lover! He sets out like a Carrier's Horse, plodding on, because he knows he must, with the Bells of Matrimony chiming so melancholy about his Neck, in pain till he's at his Journey's-end, and despairing to get thither. [*Clasbing of Swords.*] Hark! What Noise is that? Swords! nay then have with you.—— [*Exit.*

Re-enter Palamede with Rodophil, and Doralice in Man's Habit.

Rbo. Friend, your relief was very timely, otherwise I had been oppress'd.

Pal. What was the Quarrel?

Rbo. What I did, was in rescue of this Youth.

Pal. What Cause could he give 'em.

Dor. The common Cause of fighting in Masquerade; they were drunk, and I was sober.

Rbo. Have they hurt not you?

Dor. No, but I'm exceeding ill with the Fright on't.

Pal. Let's lead him to some place, where he may refresh himself.

Rbo. Do you conduct him then.

Pal. How cross this happens to my Design of going to *Doralice*! for I'm confident she was sick on purpose that I should visit her. Hark you, *Rhodophil*, cou'd not you take care of this Stripling? I am partly engag'd to-night.

Rbo. You know I have Business; but come, Youth, if it must be so——

Dor. No, good Sir, don't give your self that trouble; I shall be safer, and better pleas'd with your Friend here.

Rbo. Farewel then, once more I wish you a good Adventure.

Pal. Damn this Kindness, now must I be troubled with this young Rogue, and miss my opportunity with *Doralice*.

[*Exit Rhodophil alone, Palamede with Doralice.*

The Scene opens to the Masquerade; Company of all sorts, and some at play. Celadon looking on.

Cel. Let me see, I am to lend *Florimel* three hundred Pistoles to-night; and if she had press'd me for three hundred and two, I must positively have borrow'd a Couple to have made up the Sum: She was resolv'd to leave me without a Cross in my Pocket, I find; wisely presuming, that while I want Money for my *Menu pleurs*, I shall the oftner come to her for Consolation:— Suppose now I should baulk her Design, and fairly venture one hundred of them to win a couple more to 'em — Stay — let me see — I have the Box, and throw — A *Don* sets me ten Pistoles, I nick him — Ten more — I sweep them too — Now in all reason he is nettled, and sets me Twenty. — Um! Say you so, my little *Don*, says I — Slap! I win them too. Now he kindles, and butters me with Forty — they are all my own. In fine, he is vehement, and bleeds on to Fourscore, or an Hundred: And I, not willing to tempt Fortune, come away a moderate Winner of about two hundred Pistoles — Ay! ay, exactly the Sum I have occasion for — Ha!

Enter Flavia and Florimel in Masquerade.

I'gad, and here comes another thing; I have always occasion for a fine Woman, by *Jupiter*.

Flor. Do you think he won't know me?

Fla. Not if you keep your Design of passing for an *African*.

Flor. Well, now I shall make a fair Tryal of him: For I have a strange mind to know if his Conscience will let him be as great a Rogue to *Melissa's* Daughters, as he has been to me.

Fla. I never doubt his Conscience for any thing — See, he is making to the Bait already.

Cel. If your Wit and Face, Madam, comes up to what the rest of your Person promises, there's one Heart gone astray, to my knowledge.

Flor. 'Tis true, Sir, I have been flatter'd in my own

Country with the Reputation of a little Handsomeness ; but how it will pass in *Sicily*, is a Question.

Cel. Why, Madam, are not you of *Sicily* ?

Flor. No, Sir, of *Morocco*, I only came hither to see some of my Relations, who are settled here, and turn'd Christians, since the Expulsion of my Countrymen the *Moors*.

Cel. Are you then a *Mahometan* ?

Flor. A *Mussulman*, 'at your Service.

Cel. A *Mussulwoman*, say you ? I protest by your Voice I should have taken you for a certain Christian Lady of my Acquaintance.

Flor. It seems you are in love then ; if so, Sir, I have done with you : 'Twill be dangerous for a poor brown *African* to invade the Dominions of a *Sicilian* Complexion.

Cel. Pshah ! Some little liking I might have, but that was only a Morning-Dew, 'tis drawn up by the Sunshine of your Beauty. I find your *African Cupid* is a much surer Archer, than ours of *Europe*——Yet——would I could see you——One Look would secure your Conquest.

Flor. No, no, I'll reserve my Face to gratify your Imagination with——But in earnest, do you love me ?

Cel. Ay, by *Alba*, do I most intolerably : You have Wit in abundance ; by your Motion I see you dance to a Miracle ; by your Voice, I'm sure you sing like an Angel ; and if one were but to see your Face, I'll warrant it looks like a *Cherubim*.

Flor. But can you be constant upon occasion ?

Cel. Constant ! Ay, by *Mahomet*.

Flor. You swear like a *Turk*, Sir ; but take heed, our Prophet is a severe Punisher of Promise-breakers.

Cel. Pshah ! Madam, your Prophet is a *Cavalier* I warrant, I honour him for the handsome Provision he has made for us Lovers in the other World, as black Eyes, young Limbs, and fresh Mistresses every day in the Week. Ah ! go thy ways, little *Mahomet*, I'faith thou shalt always have my good Word.

Flor. Hold, hold, Sir, we are a little too particular, all the Company are at play, you see ; if you have a
mind

mind to venture your Money, I'll make one with you immediately——In the mean time, when you have an idle thought to throw away, bestow it on your Servant *Fatyma*.

Cel. This Lady *Fatyma* pleases me most infinitely.

Fla. False, or true, Madam?

Flor. False, as Water; but by Fire, Air, and Earth, I'll fit him for't. Have you the high Dice about you!

Fla. I have 'em.

Flor. By your leave, Sir, what's your Game?

Cel. Raffle, Madam——Come, set what you please, 'tis no matter what I lose; the greatest Stake, my Heart, is gone already.

Flor. There. [*She sets, and he throws.*]

Cel. So, I have a good Chance, two Quaters and a Sice.

Flor. Two Sixes and a Trey wins it. [*Sweeps the Money.*]

Cel. Very well, Madam——Come, I'll try my Fortune once again——What have I here? two Sixes and a Quater——Come, an hundred Pistoles more upon that Throw.

Flor. I'm at you, Sir.——*Flavia*, the high Dice.

Fla. There.

Flor. Three Fives, I have won you Sir.

Cel. Blood and Furies! it would never have vex'd me to have lost my Money to a *Christian*, but to a *Pagan*! an *Infidel*!——

Fla. Come, come, Madam, e'en give over while you are a Winner.

Cel. I hope the Lady is not under the Curb of a Governess, Madam; you'll give her leave to do what she pleases with her own, sure.

Flor. Since you are so brisk, Sir, come, there's your hundred Pistoles again, cover 'em, and I am at you.

Cel. Stay, Madam——I will cover you, tho' I'm strip'd for't, give me the Box——Here——Fresh Dice.

Flor. I'll throw with the old ones.

Cel. There, Madam——Just in, faith! Two Fives and an Ace.

Flor. Come on, Sir——Three Fours——it's mine.

Cel. Umh!——Loll! loll! de doll! What the Devil did I mean to play with this *Brunet* of *Africk*?

Fla. May the Lady have leave to go now, Sir?

Cel. If your Ladyship had never come hither, there would have been no great Loss of your Company. Come, Madam, this Diamond Locket to twenty Pistoles.

Flor. Some Lady's Favour, I presume; I am loth to win it.

Cel. Upon Honour, Madam, my own Hair, design'd only for an old Aunt that lives in the Country.

Flor. Nay then, Sir, if it be your own, I won't undervalue it——There's thirty Pistoles against it: Have-at-it——Two Sixes and a Five——I stand fair for't. [*He throws.*] 'Tis mine, Sir.

Cel. Consume and grind the Souls of these Dice! Not one Stake in Five: The Devil——if ever I touch Box again. Ah, Plague of your Jest. [*Flavia shakes the Box at him, and goes out laughing with Flor.*]

A pretty Figure I shall make to *Florimel* by and by——Now will I steal into a Corner, and laugh at my self most unmercifully: For my Condition is so ridiculous, that 'tis past cursing. [*Exit.*]

The Scene changes into an Eating-House, Bottles of Wine on the Table. Palamede, and Doralice in Man's Habit.

Dor. Now cannot I find in my heart to discover my self, though I long he should know me. [*Aside.*]

Pal. I tell thee, Boy, now I have seen thee safe, I must be gone: I have no leisure to throw away on thy raw Conversation. I am a Person that understand better things, I——

Dor. Were I a Woman, Oh how you'd admire me! Cry up every Word I said, and scruce your Face into a submissive Smile.

Pal. Ay, Boy, there's Dame Nature in the Case: He who cannot find Wit in a Mistress, deserves to find nothing else, Boy. But these are Riddles to thee, Child, and I have not leisure to instruct thee; I have
Affairs

Affairs to dispatch, great Affairs, I am a Man of Business.

Dor. Come, you shall not go; you have no Affair but what you may dispatch here, to my knowledge.

Pal. I now find thou art a Boy of more Understanding than I thought thee; a very lewd wicked Boy.

Dor. You are mistaken, Sir, I would only have you shew me a more lawful Reason why you would leave me, than I can why you should not, and I'll not stay you; for I am not so young, but I understand the pressing Occasions of Mankind as well as you.

Pal. A very forward and understanding Boy! Thou art in great danger of a Page's Wit, to be brisk at Fourteen and dull at Twenty. But I'll give thee no farther Account, I must and will go.

Dor. My life on't, your Mistress is not at home.

Pal. This Imp will make me very angry. I tell thee, young Sir, she's at home, and at home for me; and, which is more, she is a-bed for me, and sick for me.

Dor. For you only?

Pal. Ay, for me only.

Dor. But how do you know she's sick a-bed?

Pal. She sent her Husband word so.

Dor. And are you such a Novice in Love, to believe a Wife's Message to her Husband?

Pal. Why, what the Devil should be her Meaning else?

Dor. It may be, to go in Masquerade as well as you; to observe your Haunts, and keep you company without your Knowledge.

Pal. Nay, I'll trust her for that; she loves me too well to disguise her self from me.

Dor. If I were she, I wou'd disguise my self on purpose to try your Wit, and come to my Servant like a Riddle, read me and take me.

Pal. I cou'd know her in any shape; my good Genius would prompt me to find out a handsome Woman: There's something in her that would attract me to her without my Knowledge.

Dor. Yet still my Mind gives me, that you have met her disguis'd to-night, and have not known her.

Pal. This is the most pragmatikal, conceited, little Fellow, he will needs understand my Business better than myself. I tell thee once more, thou dost not know my Mistress.

Dor. And I tell you once more, that I know her better than you do.

Pal. The Boy is resolv'd to have the last Word. I find I must go without a Reply. [Exit.

Dor. Ah Mischief, I have lost him with my fooling.
Palamede, Palamede, 'tis I, Doralice. [He returns; she plucks off her Peruke, and puts it on again, when he knows her.

Pal. O Heavens! Is it you, Madam?

Dor. Now, where was your good Genius, that wou'd prompt you to find me out?

Pal. Why, you see I was not deceiv'd; you yourself were my good Genius.

Enter Rhodophil, and Melantha in Boy's Habit. Rhodophil sees Palamede kissing Doralice's Hand.

Rho. *Palamede!* Again am I fallen into your Quarters? What! ingaging with a Boy?

Pal. I was just chastizing this young Villain; he was running away without paying his Share of the Reckoning.

Rho. Then I find I was deceiv'd in him.

Pal. Yes, you are deceiv'd in him: 'Tis the archest Rogue, if you did but know him.

Mel. Good *Rhodophil*, let's go off *A-la-derobbée*, for fear I should be discover'd.

Rho. There's no retiring now, I warrant you for Discovery: Now have I the oddest Thought to entertain you before your Servant's Face, and he never the wiser; 'twill be the prettiest juggling Trick to cheat him when he looks upon us.

Mel. This is the strangest Caprice in you.

Pal. [To *Doralice*.] This *Rhodophil's* the unluckiest Fellow to me! This is now the second time he has barr'd

barr'd the Dice, when we were just ready to have nick'd him; but if ever I get the Box again——

Dor. Do you think he will know me? Am I like my self?

Pal. No more than a Picture in the Hangings.

Dor. Nay, then he can never discover me, now the wrong side of the Arras is turn'd towards him.

Pal. At least, 'twill be some pleasure to me to enjoy what Freedom I can, while he looks on; I will storm the Out-works of Matrimony even before his Face.

Rbo. What Wine have you there, *Palamede*?

Pal. Old *Chios*, or the Rogue's damn'd that drew it.

Rbo. Come, to the most constant of Mistresses; that I believe is yours, *Palamede*.

Dor. Pray spare your Seconds; for my part, I am but a weak Brother.

Pal. Now to the truest of Turtles; that is, your Wife, *Rhodophil*, that lies sick at home in the Bed of Honour.

Rbo. Now let's have one common Health, and so have done.

Dor. Then, for once, I'll begin it. Here's to him that has the fairest Lady in *Sicily* in Masquerade to-night.

Pal. This is such an obliging Health, I'll kiss thee, dear Rogue, for thy Invention. [*Kisses her.*]

Rbo. He who has this Lady, is a happy Man, without Dispute. [*Kisses her.*] —— I'm the most concern'd in this, I am sure. [*Aside.*]

Pal. Was it not well found out, *Rhodophil*?

Mel. Ay, this was *bien trouvé*, indeed.

Dor. [*To Melantha.*] I suppose I shall do you a kindness, to inquire if you have been in *France*, Sir?

Mel. To do you service, Sir.

Dor. O, *Monsieur*, *votre valet bien humble*. [*Saluting her.*]

Mel. Et *votre esclave*, *Monsieur*, de tout mon Cœur. [*Returning the Salute.*]

Dor. I suppose, sweet Sir, you are the Hope and Joy of some thriving Citizen, who has pinch'd himself at home, to breed you abroad, where you have learn'd

your

your Exercises, as it appears most awkwardly, and are return'd, with the Addition of a new lac'd Coat, and a long Wig, to your good old Father, who looks at you with his Mouth, while you spout *French* with your *Mon Monsieur*.

Pal. Let me kiss thee again for that, dear Rogue.

Mel. And you, I imagine, are my young Master, whom your Mother durst not trust upon Salt Water, but left you to be your own Tutor at Fourteen; to be very brisk and *Entrepreneur*; to endeavour to be debauch'd e'er you had learnt the knack on't; to value your self upon an Intrigue before you get it, and to make it the height of your Ambition to get a Player for your Mistress.

Rho. [*Embracing Melantha.*] Oh dear young Bully, thou hast tickl'd him with a *Repartée* I faith.

Mel. You are one of those that applaud our Country Plays, where Drums, and Trumpets, and Blood and Wounds are Wit.

Rho. Again, my Boy! Let me kiss thee most abundantly.

Dor. You are an Admirer of the dull *French* Poetry, which is so thin, that 'tis the very Leaf Gold of Wit, the very Wafers and whipp'd Cream of Sense, for which a Man opens his Mouth, and gapes to swallow nothing: And to be an Admirer of such profound Dullness, one must be endow'd with a great Perfection of Impudence and Ignorance.

Pal. Let me embrace thee most vehemently.

Mel. I'll sacrifice my Life for *French* Poetry. [*Advancing.*]

Dor. I'll die upon the Spot for our Country Wit.

Rho. [*To Melantha.*] Hold, hold, young Mars. *Palamede*, draw back your Hero.

Pal. 'Tis time; I shall be drawn in for a Second else, at the wrong Weapon.

Mel. Oh, that I were a Man for thy sake!

Dor. You'll be a Man as soon as I shall.

Enter a Messenger to Rodophil.

Mess. Sir, the King has instant Business with you.

I saw the Guard drawn up by your Lieutenant, before the Palace Gate, ready to march.

Rho. 'Tis somewhat sudder; say that I am coming.
[Exit Messenger.] Now, *Palamede*, what think you of this Sport? This is some sudden Tumult, will you along?

Pal. Yes, yes, I will go; but the Devil take me if ever I was less in Humour. Why, the Pox, could they not have staid their Tumult till to-morrow? Then I had done my Business, and been ready for 'em. Truth is, I had a little transitory Crime to have committed first; and I am the worst Man in the world at repenting, till a Sin be thoroughly done: But what shall we do with the two Boys?

Rho. Let 'em take a Lodging in the House, till the Business be over.

Dor. What, lie with a Boy? For my part, I own it, I cannot endure to lie with a Boy.

Pal. The more's my Sorrow, I cannot accommodate you with a better Bed-fellow.

Mel. Let me die, if I enter into a pair of Sheets with him that hates the *French*. [Exit.

Dor. Pish, take no care for us, but leave us in the Streets; I warrant you, as late as it is, I'll find my Lodging as well as any drunken Bully of 'em all. [Exit.

Rho. I'll fight in mere revenge, and wreak my Passion
On all that spoil this hopeful Assignment. [Aside.

Pal. I am sure we fight in a good Quarrel.

*Rogues may pretend Religion and the Laws,
But a kind Mistress is the good old Cause.* [Exeunt.

*The Scene changes again to the Masquerade; Celadon
looking on at the Gaming-Table.*

Cel. What Witchcraft made me put it into Fortune's power to jilt me thus; not only to lose my Money, but, in all probability, my Mistress along with it! Well! I foresee what it will come to——she'll quarrel with me upon't, I suppose——so that I have nothing to do but to set a good Face upon the matter, and e'en begin with her first——Here she comes, Faith, and Mrs. *Nimble-Tongue*.

Tongue, my evil Genius, along with her! *Jasper*, come hither, [*Whispers his Man.*] —that's all.

Jas. I'll endeavour, Sir.

Enter Florimel and Flavia unmask'd.

Flor. So, Sir! I'm as good as my Word you see.

Cel. I am sorry you came so late, Madam, for the Company's broke up you see. Am I to wait upon you home, or will you be so kind to take a hard Lodging with me to-night?

Flor. No, Sir, you shall have the Honour, if you please, to see me to my own Lodgings.

Cel. No more Words then, but let's away to prevent discovery.

Fla. Dear Sir! You are in mighty haste to be rid of the Lady, methinks.

Cel. O fie, Madam, but if the Lady shou'd want sleep, you know, 'twould spoil the Lustre of her Eyes to-morrow, and then Ten to One but she loses half a dozen Conquests by it.

Flor. No, no, Sir, I am a peaceable Princess, and content with my own, I mean your Heart and Purse: For the truth is, I have lost my Money in Masquerade to-night, and I am come to claim your Promise of supplying me.

Cel. Madam, you make me entirely happy in your Commands; to-morrow Morning my Servant shall wait upon you with three hundred Pistoles.

Flor. But I left my Company with Promise to return to play.

Cel. Pishah! Play upon Tick, and lose the Indies, I'll discharge it all to-morrow.

Flor. No, no, to-night, if you'll oblige me.

Cel. *Jasper*, go and bring me three hundred Pistoles immediately.

Jas. Sir———[*Staring.*]

Cel. Do you expostulate, your Rascal? How he stares! Why you impudent Rogue, you have not been diverting your self with the Inside of my strong Box, have you? I'll be hang'd if this Villain has not lost all my Gold at play: If you have, confess it immediately,

Sirrah;

Sirrah; and then perhaps I'll pardon you: But if you offer to stand in a Lye, Dog, I'll have no mercy on you. Come, did you lose it?

Jas. Sir, 'tis not for me to dispute with you——
As to the Gold, Sir——I——confess——I——I——

Cel. O do you so, Sir? Do you hear me, Madam, this impudent Rogue confesses he has lost it.

Flor. Ay, as sure as e'er he had it, I dare swear for him: But commend me to you for a kind Master, that can let your Servant play off three hundred Pistoles, without the least Sign of Anger to him.

Fla. 'Tis a sign he has a greater Bank in store upon occasion.

Cel. Well, Madam, I must confess, I have more by me than I will speak of at this time: But till you have given me Satisfaction——

Flor. You Satisfaction, what for my being disappointed of your Promise.

Cel. Don't tell me of a Promise, Madam, my Promise was made upon a Supposition, that your Conduct would deserve it; but since I see, Madam, how little regard you have to your Reputation and your Money, and all that, Madam——

Flor. What do you mean?

Cel. Mean! What, you have done nothing to make a Man jealous, I warrant: Going out a Gaming in Masquerade at unreasonable Hours, and losing your Money at play is no fault with you, I suppose? What do I mean? Have not you been Gaming, Madam, and extravagantly lost your Money? Your Money, Madam, Death! that Loss above all provokes me.

Fla. I believe you, because she comes to you for more.

Flor. Is this the mighty Quarrel then? But suppose, Sir, I am able to clear to myself.

Cel. I won't suppose any such thing, Madam, I know it all impossible, there's no Excuse in Nature can be found for it: I'll stop my Ears if you but offer it.

Flor. You'll hear me sure.

Cel. To do this in the Beginning of an Amour, and to a jealous Servant as I am: Had I all the Wealth of
Peru,

62. *The COMICAL LOVERS.*

Petu. after such an Extravagance, I would not part with a single *Marevedis* to you.

Flor. To this I answer——

Cel. Answer nothing at all, Madam, for it will but inflame the Quarrel between us: I must come to my self by little and little, and when I am ready for Satisfaction, if you can think of any that's proper for an injur'd Lover to take, I'll then perhaps consult my Honour, whether I shall receive it or no.

Flor. Pishah! Pishah! this Anger's all affected, a meer Pretence to sham me off of the Promise you made.

Cel. Very fine! sham you, Madam!

Flor. Sir, you'll find I know you at last.

Cel. And you'll find, Madam, that I know you, and so well too, that my poor Heart akes for't: I knew by your staying so long, you had lost your Money; and therefore I once had it in my Mind to go home to Bed without speaking to you: But since I knew you'd certainly come to borrow more of me, I was resolv'd to stay and——

Flor. And let me have it; that will be kind indeed.

Cel. No, no, Madam, to reproach you, to declare my Grievances, which are great and many.

Fla. What Money he may have about him, I can't tell, but I'm sure he does not want for Impudence.

Cel. And therefore I must tell you, Madam——

Flor. I'll hear of nothing but the Money.

Fla. Ay, stick to that, Madam.

Cel. Do you think me a Person to be us'd so?——

Flor. Look you, Sir, I won't quarrel with you: Where's the Money?

Cel. By your Favour, Madam, we will quarrel.

Flor. Money, Money.

Cel. I am angry, and can hear nothing.

Flor. Money, Money, Money, Money.

Cel. I thank my Stars, I never was so barbarously us'd in all my Life.

Flor. Then you are resolv'd to stand it out, I see?

Cel. Madam, I have Sense enough to know when I'm affronted.

Flor.

Flor. And intend to push this Quarrel to an Extremity?

Cel. I shall venture to carry it up to the Provocation, Madam.

Flor. Very well, Sir, and because your Resentment shan't want a fresh Occasion to support it, know then I have lost no Money to-night, and only pretended that I had, to make a Tryal of your Generosity, (*Tosses a Purse.*) And now, Sir, I presume the Quarrel lies a little of my Side, so that as soon as you please, Sir, that extraordinary Treasure, your Heart, is again at your own disposal.

Cel. O Madam! the least I can do in return, is to let go the slippery hold I had of your Ladyship's: And because you shan't say I keep any thing that belongs to you, Madam, take back your Picture and your Handkerchief.

Flor. I have nothing of yours to keep; therefore take back your liberal Promises, take 'em in Imagination.

Cel. Not to be behind-hand with you in Airs, Madam—Here I give you back your Locket of Diamonds: Take you that in Imagination——

Flor. No, Sir, I happen'd to have secur'd that in reality, ever since your Imagination lost it to the Lady *Fatyma*. [*Shows the Locket.*]

Cel. Oh! the Devil, if the Lady *Fatyma* be turn'd Christian again, I am routed to all intents and purposes.

Flor. By *Alba*! and so you are, Sir: By *Mahomet* you are; and to let you see I scorn to keep any of your Heathen-Offerings, there, there's your Money again; take it back with your Oaths and Protestations, they're never the worse for wearing, I assure you: Therefore take 'em spick and span, as they are for the use of your new *Seraglio*.

Fla. Now come away in Triumph, Madam, the Day's your own.

Flor. Let him go first, I'll stay and keep the Honour of the Field.

Cel.

64 *The COMICAL LOVERS.*

Cel. I shall not part with that, Madam; I'll not retreat, if you stay till Midnight.

Fla. So, so; here's like to be more Blows, I find: But I'll e'en leave 'em to fight out their Weapons by themselves. [*Afide.*] [*Exit.*]

[*Florimel and Celadon walk carelessly by one another, humming a several Tune——*]

Cel. Well, to see how ridiculous a thing Passion is! How like a Fool a Man looks, when he has quarrell'd with the Woman he would give one of his Eyes to be reconcil'd to?

Flor. And a Lover that expects his Mistress should be reconcil'd to him without his making the first Motion, must certainly have a strong Proof of his Ignorance.

Cel. Then (as I have often said) for a Woman to lay snares for a Man, and punish him for being taken——To have no regard to the Frailties of Human Nature. Well! Nay, for a Man to be inclin'd to ask her Pardon; and she to be so unmerciful, as not by one single Look, or Word, to encourage his Penitence.

Flor. Well, if ever I engage with another Servant, I fancy I shall have more Wit, than to tempt him in a Disguise again: For 'tis certainly as direct a Folly, as to throw a *Venice-Glass* to the ground to try if it wou'd not break: And to part with him upon't, is superlatively ridiculous.

Cel. Madam, if it were not to please some People: I don't see any such great Necessity of some People's parting.

Flor. I protest, I fancy some People often do it, only because perhaps they imagine other People have a mind to it.

Cel. And suppose a Man were directly to ask some Women's Pardon, ten to one they'd have Stomach enough to refuse it.

Flor. A modest Lover may be refus'd any thing: But there is a certain graceless Assurance in some Men, that some rattle-brain'd Women are strangely bewitch'd to.

Cel. Come! come! since it must out then——I do confess——that I fancy you think that I have been in the wrong: Not but at the same time you must own, that

that the worst you can say of me is, that you could not put yourself into any Shape that I did not like you in.
——In short,

*Tho' most of my Crime is, I've lov'd you thrice over,
From whence you this Use, and Advantage discover,
When you're a new Mistress, I'm as oft a fresh Lover.*

[Exeunt.]

The End of the Fourth Act.



ACT V. SCENE, *the Walks.*

Enter Palamede, Stratton. Palamede with a Letter in his Hand.

Pal. **T**HIS Evening, say'st thou? Will they be both here?

Stra. Yes, Sir; both my old Master, and your Mistress's Father: The old Gentlemen rid hard this Journey; they say it shall be the last time they will see the Town; and both of them are so pleas'd with this Marriage, which they have concluded for you, that I am afraid they will live some Years longer to trouble you with the Joy of it.

Pal. But this is such an unreasonable thing, to impose upon me to be marry'd to-morrow; 'tis hurrying a Man to Execution, without giving him time to say his Prayers. Go now and provide your Master's Lodgings.

Stra. I go, Sir.

[Exit.]

Pal. It vexes me to the Heart, to leave all my Designs with *Doralice* unfinish'd; to have flown her so often to a Mark, and still to be bob'd at Retrieve: If I had but once enjoy'd her——

Enter

Enter Doralice.

Dor. Who's that you are so mad to enjoy, *Palamede*?

Pal. You may easily imagine that, sweet *Doralice*.

Dor. More easily than you think I can: I met just now with a certain Man, who came to you with Letters from a certain old Gentleman, yclep'd your Father; whereby I am given to understand, that to-morrow you are to take an Oath in the Church to be grave henceforward, to go Ill-dress'd and Slovenly, to get Heirs for your Estate, and to dandle 'em for your Diversion; and in short, that Love and Courtship are to be no more.

Pal. Now have I so much Shame, to be thus apprehended in this manner, that I can neither speak, nor look upon you; I have abundance in me, that I find: But if you have any Spark of true Friendship in you, retire a little with me; and bestow your Charity upon a poor dying Man. A little Comfort from a Mistress, before a Man is going to give himself into Marriage, is as good as a lusty Dose of strong Water to a dying Malefactor; it takes away the Sense of Hanging from him.

Dor. No, good *Palamede*, I must not be so injurious to your Bride: 'Tis ill drawing from the Bank to-day, when all your ready Money is payable to-morrow.

Pal. A Wife is only to have the ripe Fruit that falls of itself.

Dor. But a Wife for the first Quarter is a Mistress.

Pal. But when the second comes.

Dor. When it does come, you are so given to Variety, that you would make a Wife of me in another Quarter.

Pal. No, never, except I were marry'd to you: Marry'd People can never oblige one another; for all they do is Duty, and consequently there can be no Thanks: But Love is more frank and generous, than he is honest; he's a liberal Giver, but a curst Paymaster.

Dor. I declare I will have no Gallant; but if I wou'd, he should never be a marry'd Man: A marry'd
Man.

Man is but a Mistress's half Servant; for a Lover that comes to me that smells o' th' Wife! S'life, I wou'd as soon wear her old Gown after her, as her Husband.

Pal. Am I then to be discarded for ever? Pray do but mark how terrible that Word sounds. For ever!
Oh Doralice.

Dor. Come, come, *Palamede*, we have drawn off already as much of our Love as would run clear; after Possessing, the rest is but Jealousies, and Disquiets, and Quarrelling and Piecing.

Pal. Nay, after one great Quarrel, there's never any sound Piecing; the Love is apt to break in the same place again.

Dor. I declare, I would never renew an old Love; that's like him, who trims an old Coach for ten Years together, when he might buy a new one cheaper.

Pal. Well, Madam, I am convinc'd that 'tis best for us not to have gone any farther; but Gad the strongest Reason is, because I can't help it.

Dor. The only way to keep us new to one another, is never to go any farther; as they keep Grapes, by hanging them upon a Line, they must touch nothing if you would preserve 'em fresh.

Pal. But then they wither, and grow dry in the very keeping: However, I shall have a Warmth for you, and an Eagerness every time I see you; and if I chance to out live *Melantha*—

Dor. And if I chance to out-live *Rodophil*—

Pal. Well, I'll cherish my Body as well as I can upon that hope. 'Tis true, I would not directly murder the Wife of my Bosom; but to kill her civilly, by the way of Kindness, I'll put as far as another Man: I'll begin to-morrow Night, and be very wrathful with her, that's resolv'd on.

Dor. Well, *Palamede*, here's my Hand, I'll venture to be your second Wife, for all your threatnings.

Pal. In the mean time I'll watch you hourly, as I would the ripeness of a Melon, and I hope you'll give me leave, now and then, to look on you, and see if you are not ready to be cut yet.

Dor. No, no, that must not be, *Palamede*, for fear the

the Gard'ner should come and catch you taking up the Glafs.

Enter Rhodophil.

Rbo. [*Afide.*] Billing fo sweetly, now I am confirm'd in my Suspitions: I muft put an end to this, e'er it go farther. [*To Doralice.*] Cry your Mercy, Spoufe, I fear I have interrupted your Recreations.

Dor. What Recreations?

Rbo. Nay, no Excufes, good Spoufe, I faw a fair Hand convey'd to Lip, and preft, as tho' you had been squeezing foft Wax together for an Indenture. *Palamede*, you and I muft clear this Reckoning; why wou'd you have feduc'd my Wife?

Pal. Why wou'd you have debauch'd my Miftrefs?

Rbo. What do you think of that civil Couple, that play'd at a Game call'd *Hide and feek*, laft Evening in the Grotto?

Pal. What do you think of that innocent Pair, who made it their Pretence to feek for others, but came indeed to hide themfelves there?

Rbo. All things confider'd, I begin vehemently to fufpect, that the young Gentleman I found in your Company laft Night, was a certain Youth of my Acquaintance.

Pal. And I have an odd Imagination, that you never could have fufpected my fmall Gallant, if your little villainous *French Man* had not been a falfe Brother.

Rbo. Farther Arguments are needlefs: Draw off; I fhall fpeak to you now by the way of *Bilbo*.

[*Claps his Hand to his Sword.*]

Pal. And I fhall answer you by the way of *Danger-field*.

[*Claps his Hand on his.*]

Dor. Hold, hold, are not you two a Couple of mad fighting Fools, to cut one another's Throats for nothing?

Pal. How for nothing? he courts the Woman I muft marry.

Rbo. And he courts you, whom I have marry'd.

Dor. But you can neither of you be jealous of what you love not.

Rbo.

Rho. Faith, I am jealous, and that makes me partly suspect I love you better than I thought.

Dor. Pish! a meer Jealousy of Honour.

Rho. Gad, I'm afraid there's something else in't; for *Palamede* has Wit; and if he loves you, there's something more in you than I have found; some rich Mine for ought I know, that I have not yet discovered.

Pal. 'Slife, what's this? here's an Argument for me to love *Melantha*; for he has lov'd her, and he has Wit too, and, for ought I know there may be a Mine in her too; but if there be, I am resolv'd I'll dig for't.

Dor. [To *Rhodophil.*] Then I have found my Account in raising your Jealousy; O! 'tis the most delicate sharp Sauce to a cloy'd Stomach; it will give you a new Edge, *Rhodophil.*

Rho. And a new Point too, *Doralice*, if I cou'd be sure thou art honest.

Dor. If you are wise, believe me for your own sake: Love and Religion have but one thing to trust to; that's a sound Faith. Consider, if I have play'd false, you can never find it out by any Experiment you can make upon me.

Pal. *Rhodophil*, you know me too well, to imagine I speak for fear; and therefore, in consideration of our past Friendship, I will tell you, and bind it by all things holy, that *Doralice* is innocent.

Rho. Friend, I believe you, and vow the same for your *Melantha*; but the Devil on't is, How shall we keep 'em so?

Pal. What dost thou think of a blessed Community betwixt us four, for the Solace of the Women, and the Relief of the Men? Methinks it would be a pleasant kind of Life; Wife and Husband for the standing Dish, and Mistress and Gallant for the Desert.

Rho. Then, I think, *Palamede*, we had as good make a firm League, not to invade each other's Property.

Pal. Content, I say, from henceforth let all Acts of Hostility cease betwixt us; and that in the usual Form of Treaties, as well by Sea as by Land, and in all fresh Waters.

Dor.

70 *The COMICAL LOVERS.*

Dor. I will add one Proviso, That whosoever break^s the League, either with War abroad, or by Neglect at home, both the Women shall revenge themselves by the help of the other Party.

Rho. That's but reasonable. Come away, *Doralice*, I have a great Temptation to be sealing Articles.

Pal. Hast thou so? Nay then, [*Claps him on the Shoulder*] fall on *Macduff*. And curs'd be he that first cries, Hold, enough. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Florimel in Man's Habit.

So! I'gad, I think I am a very pretty Fellow! 'Twill be rare now to out-do this mad *Celadon* in all his Tricks, and get both his Mistresses from him; then I shall revenge myself upon all three, and save my own Stake into the Bargain; for I find I do love the Rogue in spite of all his Infidelities. Yonder they are, and this way they must come——If Clothes, Noise, Nonsense, and a pert Air will carry them, I'll push as fair for their Favours as the briskest Beau of 'em all.

Enter to her Celadon, Olinda, Sabina.

Olin. Never mince the matter!

Sab. You have left your Heart with *Florimel*; we know it.

Cel. You know you wrong me; when I am with *Florimel* 'tis still your Prisoner, it only draws a longer Chain after it.

Flor. Is it e'en so! then farewell, poor *Florimel*.

[*Aside.*]

Cel. But let's leave the Discourse; 'tis all Digression that does not speak of your Beauties——

Flor. Now for me in the Name of Impudence!——
[*Walks with them.*] They are the greatest Beauties, I confess, that ever I beheld——

Cel. How now, what's the meaning of this young Fellow?

Flor. And therefore I cannot wonder that this Gentleman, who has the Honour to be known to you, shou'd admire you——since I that am a Stranger——

Cel.

Cel. And a very impudent one, as I take it, Sir——

Flor. Am so extremely surpriz'd, that I admire, love, am wounded, and dying in a Moment.

Cel. I have seen him somewhere, but where I know not; prithee my Friend leave us, dost thou think we do not know our Way in Court?

Flor. I don't pretend to instruct you in your way, for you see I do not go before you; but you cannot possibly deny me the Happiness to wait upon these Ladies; me, who——

Cel. Thee, who shall be beaten most unmercifully, if thou dost follow them.

Flor. You will not draw so near Court, I hope?

Cel. Pox on him, an impertinent Puppy, I don't know what to do with him; let's walk away faster, and be rid of him——

Flor. O, take no care for me, Sir, you shall not lose me; I'll rather mend my Pace, than not wait on you——

Olin. I begin to like this Fellow——

Cel. You make very bold here in my Seraglio, and I shall find a Time to tell you so, Sir.

Flor. When you find a Time to tell me on't, I shall find a Time to answer you: but pray what do you find in yourself so extraordinary, that you should serve these Ladies better than I; let me know what 'tis you value yourself upon, and let them judge betwixt us.

Cel. I am somewhat more a Man than you.

Flor. That is, you are so much older than I: Do you like a Man ever the better for his Age, Ladies?

Sab. Well said, young Gentleman.

Cel. Pish, thee! a young raw Creature, thou hast ne'er been under the Barber's Hands yet.

Flor. No, nor under the Barber-Surgeon's yet, as you have been.

Cel. 'Slife, what wouldst thou be at? I am madder than thou art.

Flor. The Devil you are: I'll tope with you—I'll sing with you—I'll dance with you—I'll swagger with you——

Cel. I'll fight with you.

Flor. Out upon fighting; 'tis grown so common a Fashion

Fashion, that a modish Man contemns it; a Man of Garniture and Feather is above the Dispensation of the Sword: What's your Opinion, Ladies?

Olin. O, Sir, no young Creature can endure a Man that's quarrellsome.

Sab. This is the rarest Gentleman, I could live and die with him——

Olin. You and I are merry, and just of an Humour, Sir, therefore we two should love one another.

Sab. And you and I are just of an Age, Sir; and therefore, methinks, we should not hate one another.

Cel. Then I perceive, Ladies, I am a Cast-away, a Reprobate with you: Why faith this is hard Luck now, that I should be no less than one whole Hour in getting your Affections, and must now lose 'em in a quarter of it.

Olin. No matter, let him rail; does the loss afflict you, Sir?

Cel. No in faith does it not; for if you had not forsaken me, I had you; so the Willows may flourish, for any Branches I shall rob them of.

Sab. However, we have the Advantage to have left you; not you us.

Cel. That's only a certain Nimbleness in Nature you Women have, to be first inconstant; but if you had made the more haste, the Wind was veering too upon my Weathercock; the best on't is, *Florimel* is worth both of you.

Flor. 'Tis like she'll accept of their Leavings.

Cel. She will accept on't, and she shall accept on't; I think I know more of her Mind than you, Sir.

Enter Melissa.

Mel. Daughters, there's a poor Collation within that waits for you.

Flor. Will you walk, musty Sir?

Cel. No, merry Sir, I wo'not; I have surfeited of that old Woman's Face already.

Flor. Begin some Frolick then; what will you do for her?

Cel.

Cel. Faith, I am no Dog, to show Tricks for her; I cannot come aloft for an old Woman.

Flor. Dare you kiss her? I never was dar'd by any Man——By your leave, old Madam——Now, Sir, here's *Florimel's* Health to you—— [*Kisses her.*]

Mel. Away, Sir; a sweet young Man as you are, to abuse the Gift of Nature so.

Cel. Good Mother, do not commend me so; I am Flesh and Blood, and you do not know what you may pluck upon that reverend Person of yours——Come on, follow your Leader.

Flor. Stand fair, Mother——

Cel. What with your Hat on?——Lie thou there——

Flor. And thou too—— [*He plucks off her Hat, and she her Peruke, and discovers herself.*]

Omnes. *Florimel!*

Flor. My kind Mistresses, how sorry I am, I can do you no further Service: I think I had best resign you to *Celadon*, to make amends for me.

Cel. Lord what a Misfortune it was that the Gentleman could not hold forth to you.

Olin. We have lost *Celadon* too.

Mel. Come away; this is past enduring.

[*Exeunt Melissa and Olinda.*]

Sab. Well! if ever I believe a Man to be a Man for the sake of a Peruke and Feather again——

Flor. Come *Celadon*, shall we make Accounts even? Lord! What a hanging Look was there; indeed if you had been recreant to your Mistress, or had forsworn your Love, that Sinner's Face had been but decent; but for the vertuous, the innocent, the constant *Celadon*!——

Cel. This is not very heroic in you now, to insult over a Man in his Misfortunes; but take heed, you have robb'd me of my two Mistresses; and I shall grow desperately constant, and all the Tempest of my Love will fall upon your Head, I shall so pay you.

Flor. Who, you pay me? You are a Bankrupt, cast beyond all possibility of recovery.

Cel. If I am a Bankrupt, I'll be a very honest one; when

when I cannot pay my Debts, at least I'll give you up the possession of my Body.

Flor. No, I'll deal better with you; since you are unable to pay, I'll give in your Bond.

Cel. Faith, that's so generously said, that the least I can do now, is to pay it off like a Man of Honour, both Principal and Interest.

Flor. How do you mean?

Cel. Why since I see nothing but ready Love will satisfy you, I'll e'en make up your Accounts, and marry you.

Flor. Which is as much as to say, if I'll forgive you the Debt, you'll pay me.

Cel. Pshaw, pshaw, the Funds of this Constitution are better able to pay than you imagine—Come, come, I'll put you into an handsome Pension, make you my Wife, that is, sole Teller of my Exchequer, and then you may pay yourself.

Flor. Well, for Assurance—

Cel. Look you, Madam, no Airs, for by those Breeches—

Flor. Which I, when ever I do marry, am resolved to wear, till all the World calls me *Florimel the Wilful*.

Enter Doralice, Rhodophil, Palamede and Flavia.

Dor. *Florimel.*

Flor. Nay, now I shall have no Mercy.

Pal. Dear *Celadon*, I give you Joy, for I perceive by the Lady's Breeches you are marry'd.

Flor. So, so, *Flavia* has given them all their Lessons, I find. Remember this—

[*Aside to Flavia.*

Fla. Come, come, Madam, never mince the matter, for to tell you the truth, I knew your Inclinations, and because I was willing to give you a handsome pretence to follow 'em too, I have brought down all your Friends upon you, to speak a good Word for a poor modest Gentleman, that, I know, has not Assurance enough to do it himself: And now, Sir, I suppose your Quarrel and mine's at an end—

[*To Celadon.*

Cel.

Cel. I am extremely oblig'd to your good Intentions, Madam, and if you please to add one more Favour to 'em, I shall confess myself your humble Servant, as long as I live.

Fla. To my poor Power, Sir, you may command me.

Cel. Only that you would be pleas'd, Madam, to use your Interest with the good Company, that they would engage *Florimel* never to be Friends with me.

Flor. O, dear Sir, I grant that without your making any Interest for't; but pray how come you to be afraid on't?

Cel. Because I am sure, as soon as ever you are, you'll marry me.

Flor. Do you fear it?

Cel. No, 'twill come with a Fear.

Flor. If you think so, I will not stick with you for an Oath.

Cel. I require no Oath till we come to Church, and then, after the Priest, I hope; for I find it will be my Destiny to marry thee.

Flor. If ever I say a Word after the black Gentleman for thee, *Celadon*—

Cel. Then I hope you'll give me leave to bestow a faithful Heart elsewhere.

Flor. Ay, but if you'll have one, you must bespeak it: for I am sure you have none ready made.

Rbo. What say you, Madam? Shall he marry *Flavia*?

Flor. No, she'll be too cunning for him.

Dor. What say you to *Olinda* then? She's tall, and fair, and bonny.

Flor. And foolish, and apish, and fickle.

Pal. But *Sabina*'s pretty, and loving, and young, and innocent.

Flor. And dwarfish, and childish, and fond, and flip-pant; if he marries her Sister, he will get Maypoles; and if he marries her, he will get Fairies to dance about them.

Cel. Nay, then the case is clear, *Florimel*; if you
D 2 take

take 'em all from me, 'tis because you reserve me for yourself.

Flor. But this Marriage is such a Bug-bear to me; much might be done if we could invent but any way to make it easy.

Cel. Some foolish People have made it uneasy by drawing the Knot faster than they need: But we that are wiser, will loosen it a little.

Flor. 'Tis true indeed, there's some Difference between a Girdle and a Halter.

Cel. As for the first Year, according to the laudable Custom of new-marry'd People, we shall follow one another up into Chambers, and down into Gardens, and think we shall never have enough of one another—
So far 'tis pleasant enough, I hope.

Flor. But after that, when we begin to live like Husband and Wife, and never come near one another.—what then, Sir?

Cel. Why then our only Happiness must be to have one Mind, and one Will, *Florimel.*

Flor. One Mind, if you please; but prithee let's have two Wills, for I find one will be little enough for me alone. But how if those two Wills should meet and clash, *Celaden?*

Cel. I warrant thee for that, Husbands and Wives keep their Wills far enough asunder for ever meeting: One thing let's be sure to agree on, that is, never to be jealous.

Flor. No, but e'en love one another as long as we can, and confess the Truth when we can love no longer.

Cel. When I have been at play, you shall never ask me what Money I have lost.

Flor. When I have been abroad, you shall never enquire who treated me.

Cel. Provided always, that whatever Liberties we take with other People, we continue very honest to one another.

Flor. As far as will consist with a pleasant Life.

Cel. Lastly, whereas the Names of Husband and Wife hold forth nothing, but Clashing and Cloying, and Dullness

ness and Faintness in their Signification; they shall be abolish'd for ever betwixt us.

Flor. And instead of those, we'll be marry'd by the more agreeable Names of *Mistress* and *Gallant*.

Cel. None of my Privileges to be infring'd by thee, *Florimel*, under the Penalty of a Month's Fasting Nights.

Flor. None of my Privileges to be infring'd by thee, *Celadon*, under the Penalty of Cuckoldom.

Cel. Well, if it be my fortune to be made a Cuckold, I had rather thou should'st make me one, than any one in *Sicily*: And for my Comfort, I shall have thee oftner than any of thy Servants.

Flor. La ye now, is not such a Marriage as good as Wenching, *Celadon*?

Cel. This is very good; but not so good, *Florimel*.

Omne. A Wedding! A Wedding!

Pal. So, so! Here's every body's Business done but mine.

Rho. Here comes a small Emissary, *Palamede*; and I fancy, in order to finish it.

Enter Philotis bashfully.

Pal. Ha! well, my dear, what News?

Phi. O, Sir, I am glad I have found you!

Pal. What's the Matter?

Phi. My Lady has just now received a Letter from her Father, with an absolute Command to dispose herself to marry you to-morrow.

Pal. And she takes it to death, I presume.

Phi. O, dear Sir, she's under a greater Misfortune than the Apprehension of being marry'd to so fine a Gentleman.

Pal. O, dear Madam—but pray what is it?

Phi. Why, Sir, she is in so unconsolable a Concern for her being out of Favour with the Princess, that she protests, she'll neither eat, drink, sleep, nor marry, till she has made her Peace with her.

Pal. That's hard.

Phi. Now, Sir, you must know, upon these extraordinary Occasions, she always practices what she is to

do and say beforehand; and in order to it, she is just coming into this part of the Walks; where by her own Direction, Sir, I am to personate the Princess, and to receive her with all imaginable Coldness, while she uses all the Efforts of her *French* Airs and Phrases to recommend herself into my good Graces.

Pal. Very good; but what is my part all this while?

Phi. Why, Sir, if you'll desire the good Company to retire a little—you shall bolt out upon her while she is in the very Agony of her good Breeding; and Worry her with her own Phrases, till you force her to lend a reasonable Ear to your Addressee.

Pal. Admirable! *Rhadophil.*

Rhad. We understand you—we'll be all ready at the next Corner to give you a lift upon occasion.

Pal. I hope I shall be able to manage *Palamede* and *Philotis*.

Phi. You must be sure to take no Repulses, and I warrant you do her business—Here is a list of her Phrases for the Day—ly her home with 'em, right or wrong, upon any occasion: Foil her at her own Weapons; for she's like one of the old *Amazons*, she'll never marry, except it be a Man who has first conquer'd her.

Pal. Say you so? Faith, I'll lay her on to the best of my Assurance then. But you won't forget, I hope, to give me a Prompt upon occasion.

Phi. O, dear Sir, if you doubt my Memory, put some Token upon my Finger to refresh it—That Diamond would do admirably.

Pal. There 'tis, and I ask your Pardon heartily for calling your Memory in question.

Phi. Here she comes, to your Post. [*Pal. retires.*]

Enter Melantha.

Mel. O! are you there, Madam?—Come, are you perfect in the Princess?

Phi. Yes, Madam, particularly in all the reserv'd Airs your Ladyship was pleas'd to shew me.

Mel. Very well—move a little that way—so—now you are the Princess, and alone; and now is my time to introduce myself, and make my court to you in my new

New French Phrases. Stay, let me read my Catalogue
— *Suite, Figure, chagrin, naïvete,* and *Let me die,*
for the Parenthesis of all.

Pal. [*Afide.*] Do, persecute the Princess in Imagina-
tion, and I'll persecute thee as fast in Effigy.

Mel. Madam, the Princess! Let me die, but this is
a most horrid Spectacle, to see a Person who makes so
grand a Figure in the Court, without the *Suite* of a
Princess, and entertaining your *Chagrin*, all alone;
(*Naïvete* should have been there, but the disobedient
Word would not come in.)

Phi. You take an unseasonable time, Madam, I
design'd this Hour for Solitude.

Pal. [*To Melantha.*] Let me die, Madam, if I have
not waited here these two long Hours, without so much
as the *Suite* of a single Servant to attend me; enter-
taining my self with my own *Chagrin*, till I had the
Honour to see your Ladyship, who are a Person that
makes so considerable a Figure in the Court.

Mel. Truce with your *Douceurs*, good Servant; you
see I am addressing the Princess; pray do not embarrass
me—Embarrass me! what a delicious *French* Word
do you make me lose upon you too! [*To Philotis*] Your
Highness, Madam, will please to pardon the *Coup*
d'étourdy which I made, in not sooner finding you out
to be a Princess. But, let me die, if this *Eclaircissement*,
which is made this Day of your Quality, does not ravish
me; and give me leave to tell you—

Pal. But first give me leave to tell you, Madam, that
I have so great a Tender for your Person, and such a
Paumbant to do you Service, that—

Mel. What, must I still be troubled with your *Sot-
tises*? There's another Word lost, that I meant for the
Princess, (with a mischief to you.) But your Highness,
Madam—

Pal. But your Ladyship, Madam—

Mel. I say, your Highness, Madam—

Phil. Away impertinent.

Mel. Impertinent! Oh, I am the most unfortunate
Person this day breathing; that the Princess should thus

Rompre

Romp en visiere, without occasion; let me die, but I'll follow her to Death, till I make my Peace.

Pal. [Holding her.] And let me die, but I'll follow you to the Infernals, till you pity me.

Mel. [Turning towards him angrily] Ay, 'tis long of you that this *Malheur* is fall'n upon me; your Imper- tinence has put me out of the good Graces of the Prin- cess, and all that; which has ruin'd me, and all that; and therefore, let me die, but I'll be reveng'd, and all that.

Pal. *Façon, Façon*, you must, and shall love me, and all that; for my old Man is coming up, and all that; and I am *deses peré au dernier*, and will not be disinheri- ted, and all that.

Mel. How durst you interrupt me so *mal à propos*, when you know I was practising my Addresses to the Princess?

Pal. But why would you address yourself so much a *Contretemps* then?

Mel. Ah, *Mal Peste!*

Pal. and *Pbi.* *Ab j'enrage!*

Mel. *Ad'autres, ad'autres:* He mocks himself of me, he abuses me: *Ab me unfortunate.* [Cries.

Pbi. Indeed you mistake him, Madam, he does but accommodate his Phrase to your refin'd Language; pur- sue your Point, Sir— [To him.

Pal. *Ab, qu'il fait beau dans ces bocages:* [Singing.

Ab, que le ciel donne un bonne jour!

There I was with you with a Minuet.

Mel. Let me die now, but this singing is fine, and extremely *French* in him. [Laughs.] But then that he shou'd use my own Words, as it were in contempt of me, I cannot bear it.

Pal. *Ces beaux & Sejours, ces doux rames.* [Singing.

Mel. *Ces beaux & Sejours, ces doux rames,*

Ces beaux Sejours nous invitent à l'amour. [Singing

after him.

Pal. Let me die now but that was fine. Ah, now for three or four brisk *Frenchmen*, to be put into mask- ing Habits, and to sing it on a Theatre; how witty it would be! And then to dance helter-skelter, to a Chan- son

fon à boire: Toute la terre, toute la terre est à moy.
What's matter, though it were made, and sung two or three Years ago in *Caberets*; how it would attract the Admiration, especially of every one that's an *Eveillé*!

Mel. Well; I begin to have a *Tendre* for you; but yet, upon Condition, that——when we are marry'd, you——

[*Pal. sings while she speaks.*

Phi. You must drown her Voice; if she makes her *French* Conditions, you are a Slave for ever.

Mel. First, will you engage——that

Pal. *Fa, la, la, la, &c.*

[*Louder.*

Mel. Will you hear the Conditions?

Pal. No, I will hear no Conditions! I am resolv'd to win you *en François*; to be very airy with abundance of Noise, and no Sense: *Fa, la, la, la, &c.*

Mel. Hold, hold, I am vanquish'd with your *Gaieté d'esprit*. I am yours, and will be yours, *sans nulle reserve*; and, let me die, if I do not think myself the happiest Nymph in *Sicily*——My dear *French* Dear, stay but a Minute till I *racomode* myself with the Princess; and then I am yours, *Jusqu' a la mort.* [*Going off.*

Enter Celadon, Florimel, Rhodophil, Doralice, and Flavia, singing.

Omn. A *Palamede*! A *Palamede*!

Pal. [*Fanning himself.*] Poo! I never thought before, Wooing was so laborious an Exercise; I'gad, if she were worth a Million, I deserve her.

Mel. Ah me, was ever Nymph under such Confusion? I shall have all the *Tendre* of my *Belle Passion* turn'd into Ridicule——I hope, Servant, you did not lay this Ambuscade to be Witnesses of my *Foibles*.

Pal. Not I, upon Honour, Madam, but 'tis impossible for us great Conquerors to fight without Witnesses of our Glory.

Dor. Come, come, Madam, consider the Pains he has taken to deserve you, and don't rob him of the Glory of confessing it——We are all your Friends, give him your Hand.

Mel. Dear, my Dear, don't give me this Confusion——I can't do it——he must take it if he has it.

Pal.

Pal. Thus I seize it then as my Right of Conquest.
And now, Madam, I take you Prisoner for Life.

Mel. Oh barbarous, and plunder me of all!

Pal. All in good time, Madam.

Cel. And now, *Palamede*, your Business is done.

Rbo. And now, *Doralice*, since your Friend and mine
are likely to be busy for some few Months at least,
I think we had e'en as good mind our own Business as
stand idle—From this Day forward, I'll never dine
but at home.

Dor. Why truly, he that's always running to an Eat-
ing-house, will find, at the Year's End, ne'er the less
Account in his House-keeping. When the Meal's ready
at home, some body must sit down to it.

*And high-fed Palates to their Cost discover,
That Husbands Leavings often feast the Lower.*

[Exeunt omnes.]

F I N I S.

